



*A Pastoral Scene.*

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T H E  
SHEPHERD'S PASTIME,  
OR  
PASTORAL SONGSTER;  
BEING A  
S E L E C T I O N  
O F  
ELEGANT Pastorals.

.....  
THE SECOND EDITION.

*Including the New Vauxhall Songs.*  
.....

L O N D O N;

PRINTED BY L. WAYLAND,

FOR T. VERNOR, BIRCHIN-LANE, CORNHILL; CHAM-  
PANTE AND WITROW, ALDGATE; AND  
SYMONDS, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

M DCCLXXXIX.





S



T H E

## *SHEPHERD'S PASTIME.*



### PASTORALS.

#### I. THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.

WITH the sun I rise at morn,  
Haste my flock into the mead ;  
By the fields of yellow corn,  
There my gentle lambkins feed :  
Ever sportive, ever gay,  
While the merry pipe I play.

Lovely Mira joins the strain ;  
Calls the wand'rer to its mate :  
Her sweet voice can sooth each pain,  
And make the troubled heart elate :  
Ever cheerful, ever gay,  
While the merry pipe I play.

When from Winter's rugged arms  
Zephyrs fleeting leave the grove,  
Mira cheers me with her charms ;  
For her song is tun'd to love :  
Ever happy, ever gay,  
On the merry pipe I play.

B

Tho' no splendour deck my cot,  
 With my fair I live content ;  
 May it be my happy lot,  
 Still to love, and ne'er repent ;  
 While, at dawn and setting day,  
 On the merry pipe I play !

## II. LOVE AND DESPAIR.

No more the festive train I'll join :  
 Adieu, ye rural sports, adieu !  
 For what, alas ! have griefs like mine  
 With pastimes or delights to do ?  
 Let hearts at ease such pleasures prove ;  
 But I am all despair and love.

Ah, well-a-day ! how chang'd am I !—  
 When late I seiz'd the rural reed,  
 So soft my strains, the herds hard by  
 Stood gazing, and forgot to feed :  
 But now my strains no longer move ;  
 They're discord all, despair, and love.

Behold around my straggling sheep,  
 The fairest once upon the lea ;  
 No swain to guide, no dog to keep,  
 Unshorn they stray, nor mark'd by me.  
 The shepherds mourn to see them rove ;  
 They ask the cause ; I answer, Love.

Neglected love first taught my eyes  
 With tears of anguish to o'erflow ;  
 'Tis that which fill'd my breast with sighs,  
 And tun'd my pipe to notes of woe :  
 Love has occasion'd all my smart,  
 Dispers'd my flock, and broke my heart.

## III. THE CHARMS OF A PASTORAL LIFE.

WHEN western breezes fan the shore,  
And gently swell the azure wave,  
I yield unto the soft'ning Pow'r :  
(The Muse's transport then would grieve.)

When loud the thick'ning tempests fly,  
Enrage, and dash the foaming floods ;  
From the rude scene I trembling hie,  
And plunge into the safer woods.

Nor sea, nor deaf'ning din, is there,  
The stormy fury straight does please :  
I hear it sounding from afar ;  
It sings or murmurs through the trees.

A fisherman I would not live,  
Who labours in the pathless deep ;  
Whose cruel art is to deceive,  
Whose dwelling is a brittle ship.

Let me my bleating ewes attend,  
(Harmless myself, and blest'd as they ;)   
With them my morning steps I'll bend,  
With them I'll wait the closing day.

Now underneath a plane-tree laid,  
Or careless by a lulling stream,  
Let me enjoy the cooling shade,  
Or sweetly sink into a dream.

## IV.

LET me wander not unseen,  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green :  
There the ploughman, near at hand,  
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land ;

And the milkmaid singeth blythe;  
 And the mower whets his scythe;  
 And every shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

## V.

Come sing round my favourite tree,  
 Ye songsters that visit the grove,  
 'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,  
 And the bark is a record of love.  
 Reclin'd on the turf, by my side,  
 He tenderly pleaded his cause;  
 I only with blushes reply'd,  
 And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

## VI.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,  
 Have you seen my Anna?  
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove  
 Upon the banks of Banna.  
 I for her my home forsook,  
 Near yon misty mountain;  
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,  
 Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,  
 Until her returning;  
 All the joys of life are o'er,  
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.  
 Whither is my charmer flown?  
 Shepherds, tell me whither;  
 Ah! Woe for me, perhaps she's gone  
 For ever, and for ever.



VII. THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS  
LOVE.

Come live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That vallies, groves, or hills and fields,  
And all the steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Fair lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps, and amber studs:  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
For thy delight each May morning:  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
'Then live with me, and be my love.

VIII. THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE  
SHEPHERD.

If all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
'To live with thee, and be thy love.



Time drives the flocks from field to fold,  
 When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,  
 And Philomel becometh dumb;  
 'The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
 To wayward winter reck'ning yields;  
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
 Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,  
 All these in me no means can move  
 To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
 Had joy no date, nor age no need;  
 'Then these delights my mind might move  
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

#### IX. CONTENT, A PASTORAL.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and  
 As wilder'd and weary'd I roam, [bare,  
 A gentle young shepherdess fees my despair,  
 And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home.  
 Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had  
 Green rushes were strew'd on the floor, [crown'd,  
 Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round  
 And deck'd the sod-seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast :  
Fresh fruits—and she cull'd me the best ;  
While thrown from my guard by some glances she  
Love slyly stole into my breast. [cast,  
I told my soft wishes—she sweetly reply'd,  
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine !)  
' I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,  
' But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.'  
Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek ;  
So simple, yet sweet were her charms ;  
I kiss the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,  
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.  
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,  
And if, by yon prattler, the stream,  
Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,  
Her image still softens my dream.  
Together we range o'er the flow rising hills,  
Delighted with pastoral views,  
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,  
And point out new themes for my Muse.  
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,  
The damsel's of humble descent ;  
The Cottager, Peace, is well known for her fire,  
And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

## X.

LOVELY nymph, assuage my anguish,  
At your feet a tender swain  
Prays you will not let him languish ;  
One kind look would ease his pain.  
Did you know the lad that courts  
You, he not long need sue in vain ;  
Prince of song, of dance, of sports,  
You scarce will meet his like again.

## XI. A PASTORAL.

' YE maidens so chearful and gay,'  
 Attend to poor Phillida's strain,  
 One moment attend to her lay,  
 She will not dwell long on the plain;  
 But hasten from scenes that revive  
 The rememb'rance of all that was dear,  
 Nor her Damon much longer survive,  
 Who early has press'd the cold bier.

How pleasantly time took its flight,  
 When we sat by the side of yond' hill!  
 His presence my soul would delight,  
 And my bosom with rapture would fill:  
 For all that was tender and kind  
 Adorned the breast of my love;  
 Full noble and great was his mind,  
 And as constant and true as the dove.

On his flute he would oftentimes play;  
 And I list'ned with joy to his song,  
 Whilst my sheep they unnotic'd would stray;  
 But now silent for ever's his tongue;  
 That heart too for ever is still,  
 Which beat with such transport for me:  
 Shall not grief my fond bosom then fill,  
 Since no more the lov'd shepherd I see?

Oh! death, why so very unkind,  
 To rob me of him I held dear?  
 No pleasure, alas, can I find;  
 Each scene bears the gloom of despair.  
 Come, in pity then wing me away  
 To regions of bliss and of joy;  
 Where my Damon's blest spirit doth stray,  
 Oh! waft me in one gentle sigh.

## XII. POSSESSION, A PASTORAL.

YE swains, none so happy as I,  
Since Chloe my love does reward ;  
So much to divert her I try,  
I scarce my sad flocks can regard.  
Your nymphs to her beauty must bow,  
As thistles that spoil the fair field,  
Inferior their beauty, I trow,  
To tender soft myrtles do yield.

Yet she's modest amidst all the praise  
That on her each shepherd bestows ;  
Names rival pretenders with ease ;  
With envy her face never glows.  
She says, ' beauty's praise is short fame ;  
Its owners will fade with it too :'  
Many young giddy nymphs say the same,  
And yet think the sound maxim untrue.

Oft under my arbour's cool shade,  
That wantons with roses, sweet flow'rs,  
And of elm-hugging woodbines is made,  
She sings as we spend the short hours.  
Each shepherd the voice of his fair,  
To birds that in concert combine,  
Or may to soft music compare ;  
But no harmony's music to mine.

Our flocks feed around us the while,  
Nor ever once offer to stray ;  
She scarce can forbear from a smile,  
As they silent devour her lay.  
The birds too around us appear,  
And cease their wild notes as she sings ;  
Poor Philomel drops her mild ear ;  
—Oh beware of fell jealousy's stings !

Her heart soon with pity doth bleed ;  
 How oft have I mark'd her to sigh,  
 And think it a ruthless foul deed,  
 If she chanc'd but to kill a weak fly !  
 A sparrow had built her smooth nest  
 All secret amidst my gay trees,  
 Where under her downy fond breast  
 She had shelter'd her young from each breeze.

Affrighted the bird flew away,  
 As we unsuspecting drew near :  
 —Sweet innocent bird to betray ;  
 The only sweet cause of her fear.  
 I cruel resolv'd they should die,  
 Protecting my corn's future pride ;  
 I could wish the vile thought to deny :  
 Thus the nymph to my purpose reply'd.

' O Damon ! to rob it forbear,  
 An indigent bird of its joy ;  
 What is under the wing of thy care,  
 Would'st thou like a tyrant destroy ?'  
 I obeyed : her thanks were a smile,  
 Sufficient reward for my love ;  
 I forget what is sorrow awhile,  
 If my fair any deed does approve.

And oft as we tread my green grove,  
 That does with clear fountains abound,  
 The young ones approach my pleas'd love,  
 And thank her by chirping around.  
 Ye swains, teach your nymphs what I say,  
 Let beauty employ their last care,  
 And copy, from Chloe each day,  
 For 'tis then they will ever be fair.



## XIII. ABSENCE LAMENTED.

YE nymhs and fwains, that sweetly play  
On Tweed's fam'd banks, or winding Tay,  
Ah say, what happy spot detains  
My Peggy, since she left these plains ?

Say, in what bow'r, beneath what shade,  
Soft slumbers lull the gentle maid ;  
For Love shall lend me wings to fly ;  
And pow'rful Fancy place me nigh.

Alas ! the blifsful scene how chang'd,  
Where once we both with pleasure rang'd !  
Not half so fair the lily springs ;  
Not half so sweet the linnet sings.

Haste then, my lovely fair, once more ;  
Oh ! haste to blefs the Southern shore :  
And April's clouds shall smile as gay,  
As all the blooming sweets of May.

Yet rather may the Fates deny  
Thy beauties to my longing eye,  
If Time a cruel change has wrought,  
Or Tweed a sweeter lesson taught !

But should thy faithful shepherd find  
His lovely Peggy still is kind,  
Then absence shall thy charms improve,  
And I with double rapture love.

## XIV.

YE rural nymphs and shepherds, say,  
Why was my homely cell so gay ?  
Why did my rill so soothing flow,  
Or lambkins blythe their sports bestow ?



Why did the morn o'er meadows strew  
Her drops, her silver drops of dew ?  
Why sung the lark her matin theme,  
Or lilies tipp'd my tinkling stream ?

Why did I sing in am'rous strain  
In every vale, or every plain ?  
Why was my bow'r my tenderest care ?  
'Twas all to please my Chloe fair.

But now, alas ! these scenes are flown,  
Which once to please my Chloe shone :  
For she, alas ! poor thoughtless maid !  
Is of my constancy afraid.

She ne'er will listen to my reed ;  
She shuns me now with lightsome speed :  
And now these gladsome scenes are o'er,  
Because my Chloe smiles no more.

A frown ! a frown enjoys her brow !  
The birds, that sung on every bow,  
Have lost their tender notes awhile,  
Until my Chloe deigns a smile.

I'll chuse fair garlands for my love,  
I'll chuse the fairest of each grove ;  
I'll rob the banks of ev'ry brook,  
To deck my Chloe's hair and crook.

Soon will regain my sighing breast  
Its wonted ease, its downy rest :  
Ah ! soon shall I forget my pain,  
If peerless Chloe smiles again.

## XV. WEEPING SHEPHERD.

ONE night, when all the village slept,  
 Myrtillo's sad despair  
 The wretched shepherd waking kept,  
 To tell the woods his care;  
 Begone (said he) fond thoughts, begone!  
 Eyes, give your sorrows o'er!  
 Why should you waste your tears for one  
 Who thinks on you no more?

Yet, oh! ye birds, ye flocks, ye pow'rs,  
 That dwell within this grove,  
 Can tell how many tender hours  
 We here have pass'd in love!  
 Yon stars above (my cruel foes!)  
 Have heard how she has sworn,  
 A thousand times, that like to those  
 Her flame should ever burn!

But since she's lost—oh! let me have  
 My wish, and quickly die;  
 In this cold bank I'll make a grave,  
 And there for ever lie:  
 Sad nightingales the watch shall keep,  
 And kindly here complain.  
 Then down the shepherd lay to sleep,  
 But never rose again.

## XVI.

AH, damon, dear shepherd, adieu!  
 By love and first nature allied,  
 Together in fondness we grew;  
 Ah, would we together had died!  
 For thy faith, which resembled my own,  
 For thy soul, which was spotless and true,  
 For the joys we together have known,  
 Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, adieu!

What blifs can hereafter be mine?  
 Whomever engaging I fee,  
 To his friendship I ne'er can incline,  
 For fear I should mourn him like thee.  
 Though the Mufes should crown me with art,  
 Though honour and fortune should join:  
 Since thou art denied to my heart,  
 What blifs can hereafter be mine?

Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, farewell!  
 Thy grave with fad ofiers I'll bind;  
 Though no more in one cottage we dwell,  
 I can keep thee for ever in mind:  
 Each morning I'll vifit alone  
 His afhes who lov'd me fo well,  
 And murmur each eve o'er his ftone,  
 ' Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, farewell! '

## XVII. HOPE, A PASTORAL.

My banks are all furnifh'd with bees,  
 Whofe murmur invites one to fleep;  
 My grottos are fhaded with trees,  
 And my hills are white over with fheep;  
 I feldom have met with a lofs,  
 Such health do my mountains beftow;  
 My fountains are border'd with mofs,  
 Where the hare-bells and violets blow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,  
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;  
 But, let me that plunder forbear,  
 She will fay 'tis a barbarous deed:  
 He ne'er can be true, fhe averr'd,  
 Who can rob a poor bird of its young;  
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard  
 Such tendernefs drop from her tongue.

But where does my Phillida stray,  
 And where are her grotts and her bow'rs?  
 Are the groves and the vallies as gay,  
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours?  
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,  
 The face of the vallies as fine;  
 The swains may in manners compare,  
 But their love is not equal to mine.

## XVIII. CORYDON AND PHILLIS, A PASTORAL.

HER sheep had in clusters crept close to a grove,  
 To hide from the heat of the day;  
 And Phillis herself, in a woodbine alcove,  
 Among the sweet violets lay:  
 A young lambkin, it seems, had been stole from its  
 ('Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot) [dam,  
 That Corydon might, as he search'd for his lamb,  
 Arrive at the critical spot.

As thro' the green hedge for his lambkin he peeps,  
 He saw the fair nymph with surprize;  
 Ye gods, if so killing, he cry'd, while she sleeps,  
 I'm lost if she opens her eyes:  
 To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,  
 I'll homeward my lambkin to trace,  
 But in vain honest Corydon strove to depart,  
 For love held him fast to the place.

Cease, cease, pretty birds, what a chirping you  
 I think you too loud on the spray; [keep,  
 Don't you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's  
 You'll awake her as sure as 'tis day. [asleep?  
 How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet  
 Her cheeks he mistakes for the rose: [maid!  
 I'd put him to death, if I was not afraid  
 My boldness would break her repose.

Then Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile,  
 Kind shepherd, said she, you mistake;  
 I laid myself down here to rest me awhile,  
 But trust me I was not asleep.  
 The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,  
 He plac'd himself down by her side;  
 And manag'd the matter, I cannot tell how,  
 But yesterday made her his bride.

## XIX. THE GARLAND.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I chose,  
 The violet sweet, and lily fair,  
 The dappled pink, and blushing rose,  
 To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place  
 Upon her brow the various wreath;  
 The flow'rs less blooming than her face,  
 The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flow'rs she wore along the day;  
 And every nymph and shepherd said,  
 That in her hair they look'd more gay  
 Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at ev'ning when she found  
 Their colours lost, their odours past,  
 She chang'd her look, and on the ground  
 Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,  
 As any muse's tongue could speak;  
 When from its lid a pearly tear  
 Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.



smile,

Dissembling what I knew too well,  
 My love, my life, said I, explain  
 This change of humour; prythee tell,  
 That falling tear, what does it mean?

bow,

She sigh'd, she smil'd, and to the flow'rs  
 Pointing, the lovely moralist said,  
 See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,  
 See yonder, what a change is made!

Ah me! the blooming pride of May  
 And that of beauty are but one;  
 At noon both flourish bright and gay,  
 Both fade at ev'ning, pale and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung,  
 The am'rous youth around her bow'd;  
 At night her fatal knell was rung,  
 I saw; and kiss'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is, who dy'd to day,  
 Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;  
 Go, Damon, bid thy muse display  
 The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.

## XX. THE WEDDING DAY.

WHAT virgin or shepherd, in valley or grove,  
 Will envy my innocent lays,  
 The song of the heart, and the offspring of love,  
 When sung in my Corydon's praise?  
 O'er brook and o'er brake, as he lies to the bow'r,  
 How lightsome my shepherd can trip!  
 And sure when of love he describes the soft pow'r,  
 The honey-dew drops from his lip.



How sweet is the primrose, the violet how sweet,  
 And sweet is the eglantine breeze,  
 But Corydon's kifs, when by moon-light we meet,  
 To me is far sweeter then these.  
 I blush at his raptures, I hear all his vows,  
 I sigh when I offer to speak ;  
 And oh ! what delight my fond bosom o'erflows,  
 When I feel the soft touch of his cheek !

Responsive and shrill be the notes from the spray,  
 Let the pipe thro' the village resound,  
 Be smiles in each face, O ye shepherds to-day,  
 And ring the bells merrily round.  
 Your favours prepare, my companions, with speed,  
 Assist me my blushes to hide,  
 A twelvemonth ago on this day I agreed  
 To be my lov'd Corydon's bride.

## XXI. DISCONSOLATE SHEPHERD.

WHAT shepherd or nymph of the grove  
 Can blame me for dropping a tear,  
 Or lamenting aloud, as I rove,  
 Since Phœbe no longer is here ?  
 My flocks, if at random they stray,  
 What wonder, if she's from the plains !  
 Her hand they were wont to obey :  
 She rul'd both the sheep and the swains.  
 Can I ever forget how we stray'd  
 To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,  
 To the bow'r we had built in the shade,  
 Or the river that runs by the mill !  
 There, kind, by my side as she lay,  
 And heard the fond stories I told,  
 How sweet was the thrush from the spray,  
 Or the bleating of lambs from the fold !

How oft would I spy out a charm,  
Which before had been hid from my view!  
And, while arm was infolded in arm,  
My lips to her lips how they grew!  
How long the sweet contest would last!  
Till the hours of retirement and rest;  
What pleasures and pain each had past,  
Who longest had lov'd, and who best.

No changes of place, or of time,  
I felt when my fair one was near;  
Alike was each weather and clime,  
Each season that chequer'd the year;  
In winter's rude lap did we freeze,  
Did we melt on the bosom of May,  
Each morn brought contentment and ease,  
If we rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask;  
She had all the kind gods could impart;  
She was nature's most beautiful task;  
The despair and the envy of art:  
There all that is worthy to prize,  
In all that was lovely was drest;  
For the graces were thron'd in her eyes,  
And the virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

## XXII. TWEEDSIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!  
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!  
Yet Mary's still sweeter than those;  
Both nature and fancy exceed.  
No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,  
Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,  
Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,  
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,  
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,  
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.  
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
 Let us see how the primroses spring;  
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,  
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?  
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?  
 Do they never carelessly stray,  
 While happily she lies asleep?  
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,  
 Kind nature indulging my bliss;  
 Then, to ease the soft pains of my breast,  
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;  
 No beauty with her may compare;  
 Love's graces around her do dwell,  
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.  
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?  
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;  
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,  
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

#### XXIII. THE COMPLAINT.

WHEN absent from the nymph I love,  
 I'd fain shake off the chains I wear:  
 But whilst I strive these to remove,  
 More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.  
 My captiv'd fancy, day and night,  
 Fairer and fairer represents  
 Belinda, form'd for dear delight,  
 But cruel cause of my complaints.

All day I wander through the groves,  
And, sighing, hear from ev'ry tree  
The happy birds chirping their loves,  
Happy, compar'd with lonely me.  
When gentle sleep, with balmy wings,  
To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,  
A thousand fears my fancy brings,  
That keep me waking all the night.

Sleep flies, while, like the goddess fair,  
And all the graces in her train,  
With melting smiles and killing air,  
Appears the cause of all my pain.  
Awhile my mind delighted flies  
O'er all her sweets, with thrilling joy,  
Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,  
That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus, while my thoughts are fix'd on her,  
I'm all o'er transport and desire;  
My pulse beats high, my cheeks appear  
All roses, and mine eyes all fire.  
When to myself I turn my view,  
My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan;  
Thus, whilst my fears my pains renew,  
I scarcely look, or move a man.

## XXIV.

Young Celia, in her tender years,  
Like th' rose-bud on its stalk,  
Fill'd with a virgin's modest fears,  
Stepp'd forth one eve to walk.  
She oft had heard of love's blind boy,  
And wish'd to find him out,  
Expecting soon to meet the joy  
Of which she'd been in doubt.

A pleasant shady grove she spy'd,  
 Where trembling aspens shook,  
 Close to its flow'ry verge did glide  
 A murm'ring limpid brook.  
 Amintor sighing there she found,  
 She heard him talk of love;  
 His crook lay by him on the ground,  
 While thus he pray'd to Jove.

' Grant, mighty pow'r! that I may find  
 Some ease within this breast;  
 Grant that my Celia may be kind,  
 And make Amintor blest;  
 Grant her to know the force of love,  
 And of her swain's desire;  
 Grant that of me she may approve,  
 And more I'll ne'er require.'

## XXV.

ON Thames' fair bank a gentle youth  
 For Lucy sigh'd with matchless truth,  
 E'en when he sigh'd in rhyme;  
 The lovely maid his flame return'd,  
 And would with equal warmth have burn'd,  
 But that she had not time.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet  
 In secret shades his fair to meet  
 Beneath th' accustom'd lime;  
 Oft times the maid would meet him there,  
 But when he begg'd she'd ease his care,  
 She said she had not time.

It was not thus, inconstant maid,  
 You acted once, the shepherd said,  
 When love was in its prime:



She griev'd to hear him thus complain,  
 And wish'd she could have eas'd his pain,  
 But still she had not time.

Then pointing to the church, he cry'd,  
 This day I'll make young Jane my bride,  
 Since you think love a crime :  
 No, no, she said, my gentle youth,  
 I've try'd your faith and constant truth,  
 And now for love have time.

## XXVI. TAY BANKS.

ON the banks of the sweet flowing Tay,  
 A shepherd desponding reclin'd;  
 Poor Damon, alas! he did say,  
 You may die now, since Delia's unkind:  
 When I liv'd in her favour before,  
 Fair peace did my moments employ;  
 She has left me, and what have I more,  
 That can give either pleasure or joy?

Ah! how could I think the fair maid  
 Would deign to so humble a swain,  
 When so many gay shepherds invade,  
 And follow her over the plain?  
 My flock's all the treasure I have,  
 And a small one with others compar'd;  
 I was pleas'd with what Providence gave,  
 And its favour most thankfully shar'd.

But since Delia deserted the vale,  
 My sheep all neglected do stray,  
 And my pipe that enliven'd the dale,  
 I have thrown, as quite uselefs, away.  
 Ye warblers that tune the soft strain,  
 And chaunt it along ev'ry bough,  
 I pray you your music refrain,  
 I've no taste for your melody now.



My bleaters, your pasture forego,  
 And sooth my complaint with your cries ;  
 And ye breezes that gently do blow,  
 Indulge a reply to my sighs ;  
 And, Delia, oh ! hear my last wish,  
 While I breathe, it must centre in you ;  
 A more opulent swain you may bless,  
 But you never can find one more true.

## XXVII. HAPPY CLOWN.

WHEN Aurora gilds the morning  
 With a sweet delightful ray ;  
 Blooming flowers the fields adorning,  
 In the charming month of May :  
 Then how pleasant and contented,  
 Lives the lowly country clown,  
 In the valley, unfrequented  
 By the knaves who croud to town !  
 With the early lark awaking,  
 He enjoys the cheerful day ;  
 Labour ev'ry hour partaking,  
 Whistling thought and care away.  
 Nature all his toil befriending,  
 Of her treasure he's possess'd ;  
 Health and peace his life attending,  
 Is the monarch half so bless'd ?  
 Birds his list'ning ear enchanting,  
 Verdant hills and dales his sight ;  
 Nothing to his sense is wanting  
 Which can give him true delight.  
 Love, with innocence combining,  
 His unsettled heart alarms ;  
 Like the flowers in garlands twining,  
 Sweetly various in its charms.

Happy clown ! who thus possesses  
Pleasure unalloy'd with strife,  
Wisdom nothing more caresses  
Than the humble vale of life.

Riches knaves delight in gaining,  
Grandeur is by fools admir'd ;  
All that wise men wish obtaining,  
Is to live and die retir'd.

## XXVIII. DAMON AND CHLOE.

GAY Damon long study'd my heart to obtain,  
The prettiest young creature that pipes on the plain ;  
I'd hear his soft tale, then declare 'twas amiss,  
And I'd often say, No,—often say, No,—when I  
long'd to say, Yes.  
And I'd often say, No,—often say, No,—when I  
long'd to say, Yes.

Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came,  
And brought me two lambkins to witness his flame ;  
Oh ! take these, he cry'd, thou more fair than their  
fleece ;  
I could hardly say, No,—tho' ashamed to say, Yes.

Soon after, one morning we sat in the grove,  
He press'd my hand hard, and in sighs breath'd his  
love,  
Then tenderly ask'd, If I'd grant him a kiss ?  
I design'd to say, No,—but mistook, and said, Yes.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life ;  
I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife ;  
Then take, ye young damsels, my counsel in this,  
Ye must all die old maids, if you will not say, Yes.

## XXIX. LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY MOURNING.

By a murm'ring stream a fair shepherdess lay,  
 Be so kind, O ye nymphs ! I oft times heard her say,  
 Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way,  
 And that love is the cause of my mourning.

False shepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,  
 You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never  
 warms ;  
 Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms,  
 Oh ! Strephon the cause of my mourning.

But first, let me go down to the shades below,  
 Ere ye let Strephon know that I loved him so ;  
 Then on my pale cheeks no blushes will show,  
 That love was the cause of my mourning.

Her eyes were scarce closed when Strephon came by,  
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew  
 nigh ;  
 But finding her breathless, O heav'ns ! did he cry,  
 And Chloris ! the cause of my mourning.

Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, use your art ;  
 'They, sighing, reply'd, 'Twas yourself shot the dart  
 That wounded the tender young shepherdess' heart,  
 And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah then ! is Chloris dead, wounded by me ? he said ;  
 I'll follow thee, chaste maid, down to the silent  
 shade ;  
 Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,  
 Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

## XXX.

WOULD you taste the noon-tide air?  
 'To yon fragrant bow'r repair,  
 Where, woven with the poplar bough,  
 The mantling vine will shelter you.

Down each side a fountain flows,  
 Tinkling, murmur'ing, as it goes  
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,  
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Round the languid herds and sheep,  
 Stretch'd o'er funny hillocks, sleep;  
 While on the hyacinth and rose  
 The fair does all alone repose.

All alone—yet, in her arms,  
 Your breast may beat to love's alarms,  
 Till blest and blessing you shall own,  
 The joys of love are joys alone.

## XXXI.

WHILE the lads of the village shall merrily, ah  
 Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along;  
 And I say unto thee, that verily, ah!  
 Thou and I will be first in the throng.  
 While the lads, &c.

Just then, when the swain who last year won the  
 dow'r,  
 With his mate shall the sports have begun;  
 When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each  
 bow'r,  
 And thou long'st in thy heart to make one:  
 While the lads, &c.

Those joys which are harmless what mortal can  
blame?—

'Tis my maxim that youth should be free;  
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the  
same,

Believe me, thou'lt presently see.  
While the lads, &c.

## XXXII.

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd,  
I ne'er could injure you;  
For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,  
Your charms would make me true.

To you no soul shall bear deceit,  
No stranger offer wrong;  
But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,  
And lovers in the young.

And when they learn that you have blest  
Another with your heart,  
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,  
And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,  
Nor fear to suffer wrong;  
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,  
And brothers in the young.

## XXXIII. THE LASS OF DEE.

Now all the groves, in verdure gay,  
Are deck'd to hail the spring;  
Our fleecy care securely play,  
The birds melodious sing.



can-  
the Ye blooming maids, and jocund swains,  
Assemble round this tree,  
And join with me, in rustic strains,  
To praise the lads of Dee,  
To praise, &c.

While fragrant odours fill the air,  
We haste to yonder grove;  
And there, with rural sports, prepare  
To hail her queen of love.  
Then come, ye nymphs and jocund swains,  
Assemble round this tree,  
And join with me, in rustic strains,  
To praise the lads of Dee.

Then, while ye tune the merry reed,  
We'll lead the dance with glee;  
Like graces on the queen of love,  
Our hearts from envy free;  
In rustic strains, we'll ever prove,  
Assembled round this tree,  
That nymphs with joy, and swains from love,  
All prais'd the lads of Dee.

## XXXIV.

How long shall hapless Colin mourn  
The cold regard of Delia's eye?  
The heart whose only guilt is love,  
Can Delia's softness doom to die?

Sweet is thy name to Colin's ear,  
Thy beauties, ah! divinely bright—  
In one short hour, by Delia's side,  
I pass whole ages of delight.

Yet tho' I lov'd thee more than life,  
 Not to displease a cruel maid,  
 My tongue forbare its fondest tale,  
 And murmur'd in the distant shade.

What happier shepherd has thy smile,  
 A bliss for which I hourly pine?  
 Some swain, perhaps, whose fertile vale,  
 Whose fleecy flocks are more than mine.

Few are the vales that Colin boasts,  
 And few the flocks those vales that rove :  
 I court not Delia's heart with wealth,  
 A nobler bribe I offer—Love.

Yet, should the virgin yield her hand,  
 And, thoughtless, wed for wealth alone—  
 'The act may make my bosom bleed,  
 But surely cannot bless her own.

## XXXV. MARY OF THE DALE.

'Twas at the cool and fragrant hour,  
 When evening steals upon the sky,  
 When lovers seek the silent bow'r,  
 Young William taught the grove to sigh;  
 His heav'nly form and beauteous air  
 Were like the flow'ry vale,  
 Yet did he sigh, and all for love  
 Of Mary of the Dale.

When o'er the mountain peeps the dawn,  
 Oppress'd with grief he'd often stray,  
 O'er rising hill and fertile lawn,  
 To sigh and weep his cares away :

Tho' he had charms to win each fair,  
 That dwells within the vale,  
 Yet did he sigh, and all for love  
 Of Mary of the Dale.

The merry dance, the cheerful song,  
 Could now no more a charm impart;  
 No more his hours glide smooth along,  
 For grief lay heavy at his heart:  
 This cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,  
 Was like the primrose pale;  
 Sighing, he died, and all for love  
 Of Mary of the Dale.

## XXXVI.

Our grotto was the sweetest place!  
 The bending boughs, with fragrance blowing,  
 Would check the brook's impetuous pace,  
 Which murmur'd to be stopt from flowing.  
 'Twas there we met, and gaz'd our fill;  
 Ah! think on this, and love me still.  
 'Twas then my bosom first knew fear,  
 Fear to an Indian maid a stranger;  
 The war-song, arrows, hatchet, spear,  
 All warn'd me of my lover's danger.  
 For him did cares my bosom fill;  
 Ah! think on this, and love me still.

## XXXVII.

Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we  
 must shear,  
 In your holiday suits with your lasses appear;  
 The happiest of folks are the guiltless and free,  
 And who are so guiltless, so happy as we?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught,  
 We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught;  
 What we think in our hearts you may read in our  
 eyes,

For, knowing no falshood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led,  
 But we as the children of nature are bred;  
 By her hands alone we are painted and dress'd;  
 For the roses will bloom, when there's peace in the  
 breast.

The giant, ambition, we never can dread,  
 Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head:  
 Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door;  
 They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal,  
 Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel;  
 So harmless and simple we sport and we play,  
 And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

XXXVIII. THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

It was summer, so softly the breezes were blowing,  
 And sweetly the nightingale sung from a tree,  
 At the foot of the rock, where the river was flowing,  
 I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.

Flow on lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river,  
 Thy banks purest streams shall be dear to me ever,  
 Where I first gain'd the tender affection and favour  
 Of Jemmy, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus  
 mourning,

To quell the proud rebels, so valiant is he;  
 And yet there's no hope of his speedy returning,  
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.

He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring  
billows,

The sweetest and kindest of all his brave fellows,  
And has left me to mourn amongst these once lov'd  
willows,

The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore  
him,

Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;  
And when he comes home with such care I'll watch  
o'er him.

He never shall quit the sweet banks of the Dee.

The Dee than shall flow, all its beauties displaying,  
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing,  
Whilst I with my Jemmy am carelessly straying,  
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

#### XXXIX. GUARDIAN ANGELS.

GUARDIAN angels, now protect me,

Send to me the swain I love;

Cupid, with thy bow direct me;

Help me, all ye pow'rs above.

Bear him my sighs, ye gentle breezes,

Say I love him to despair.

Tell him, 'tis for him I grieve,

Say, 'tis for him alone I live,

Oh! may my shepherd prove sincere!

Through the shady groves I'll wander,

Silent as the bird of night;

Near the brink of yonder fountain,

First Philander blest my sight;



Witness ye groves and falls of water,  
 Echoes repeat the vows he swore;  
 Can he reject me?  
 Will he neglect me?  
 Oh! shall I never see him more?  
 Can he love, and yet forsake me,  
 To admire a nymph more fair?  
 If 'tis so, I'll wear the willow,  
 And esteem the happy pair;  
 Some lonely cot shall be my dwelling,  
 Nor more the cares of life pursue;  
 'The lark and Philomel  
 Only shall hear me tell,  
 What makes me bid the world adieu.

## XL.

As passing by a shady grove,  
 I heard a linnet sing,  
 Whose sweetly plaintive voice of love  
 Proclaim'd the cheerful spring.  
 His pretty accents seem'd to flow  
 As if he knew no pain;  
 His downy throat he tun'd so sweet,  
 It echo'd o'er the plain.  
 Ah! happy warbler (I reply'd)  
 Contented thus to be;  
 'Tis only harmony and love  
 Can be compar'd to thee.  
 Thus perch'd upon the spray you stand,  
 The monarch of the shade;  
 And even sip ambrosial sweets,  
 That glow from every glade.

Did man possess but half thy bliss,  
 How joyful might he be!  
 But man was never form'd for this,  
 'Tis only joy for thee.

Then farewell, pretty bird (I said),  
 Pursue thy plaintive tale,  
 And let thy tuneful accents spread  
 All o'er the fragrant vale.

XLII. HOW OFTEN MUST I ASK YE.

YOUNG Willy woo'd me long in vain,  
 In ev'ry place he met me;  
 Ah, do you love me? said the swain,  
 How often must I ask ye?

I hardly could my love deny,  
 For love him I did really.  
 Why no, you foolish swain, said I,  
 How often must I tell ye?

Ah, must I then avoid your view?  
 Ah, must I always shun ye?  
 Then tell me, O my dearest Sue,  
 How often must I ask ye.

At length he ask'd my hand, and cried,  
 Ah, dearest, do you love me?  
 Why yes, said I, and softly sigh'd,  
 How often must I tell ye?

XLIII.

THE hawthorn is sweetly in bloom;  
 And daisies bedeck the gay mead,  
 The rose sheds its richest perfume,  
 And each love-tale of youth must succeed.

Ah! why in this season of joy,  
 Ah! why is my shepherd away?  
 While absent the seasons but cloy,  
 And vain is the fragrance of May.

When forc'd from our plains to depart,  
 The swain was so gentle and kind;  
 His sighs spoke the pangs of his heart,  
 To leave his poor Daphne behind:  
 Yet why in this season of joy,  
 Ah! why does my Corydon stay?  
 While absent all seasons must cloy,  
 And lost are the pleasures of May.

In vain I've collected each flower,  
 With woodbine entwin'd every tree;  
 In vain have bedeck'd the gay bower,  
 Unless it is deck'd thus for thee:  
 Then come, my dear Corydon, come,  
 The fields and the meadows are gay;  
 No joys can you find while you roam,  
 Like our plains when enliven'd by May.

## XLIII.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed  
 Sing their successful loves,  
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,  
 And music fills the groves:  
 But my lov'd song is then the broom,  
 So fair on Cowden Knows;  
 For sure so sweet, so fair a broom  
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,  
 And won my yielding heart;  
 No shepherd that e'er dwelt on Tweed,  
 Could play with half such art:

He sang of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,  
 The hills and dales all round,  
 Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side;  
 O how I blest the sound!

Yet more delightful is the broom  
 So fair on Cowden Knows,  
 For sure so fresh, so bright a broom  
 Elsewhere there never grows:  
 Not Tiviot Braes so green and gay,  
 May with this broom compare;  
 Not Yarrow banks, in flow'ry May,  
 Nor bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden Knows,  
 My peaceful happy home,  
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes  
 At eve among the broom.  
 Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,  
 Where Tweed, and Tiviot flows,  
 Convey me to the best of swains,  
 And my lov'd Cowden Knows!

## XLIV.

CHARMING village-maid,  
 If thou wilt be mine,  
 In gold and pearls array'd,  
 All my wealth is thine;  
 For gold is dross to me,  
 Ev'n nature's beauties fade,  
 If not enjoy'd with thee,  
 My charming village-maid.

Had I yon shepherd's care  
 Your lambs to feed and fold,  
 The dog-star's heat I'd bear,  
 And winter's piercing cold:

Or such my lot should be,  
 At harrow, flail, or spade,  
 Well pleas'd I'd toil for thee,  
 My charming village-maid.

This morn at early dawn,  
 I had a hedge rose wild,  
 Its sweets perfum'd the lawn,  
 'Twas sportive nature's child :  
 To grace my gay parterre,  
 Transplanted from the glade,  
 Sweet emblem of my fair,  
 My charming village-maid.

## XLV.

To hear a sweet goldfinch's sonnet,  
 This morning I put on my bonnet,  
 But scarce in the meadow, pies on it !  
 When the Captain appears in my view ;  
 I felt an odd sort of sensation,  
 My heart beat in strange palpitation,  
 I blush'd like a pink or carnation,  
 When says he, My dear, how d'ye do ?

The dickins, says I, here has popp'd him,  
 I thought to slip by, but I stopp'd him,  
 So my very best curtsy I dropt him ;  
 With an air then he took off his hat ;  
 He seem'd with my person enehanted,  
 He squeez'd my hand, how my heart panted !  
 He ask'd for a kifs, and I granted,  
 And, pray now, what harm was in that ?

Says I, Sir, for what do you take me ?  
 He swore a fine lady he'd make me.  
 No, demn him ! he'd never forsake me,  
 And then on his knee he stoop'd down ;



His handkerchief, la! smelt so sweetly,  
 His white teeth he shew'd so compleatly,  
 He manag'd the matter so neatly,  
 I ne'er can be kifs'd by a clown.

## XLVI.

THE virgin lily of the night,  
 Aurora finds in tears;  
 But soon, in coif of native white,  
 Her fragrant head she rears:  
 No longer droops, distress'd, forlorn,  
 But fresh and blithe as May,  
 She rises to perfume the morn,  
 And smiles upon the day.

The limpid streams of noble source,  
 That miles in darkness flow,  
 Emerging in their devious course,  
 Translucent beauties show.  
 O'er golden sands they gently glide,  
 Unruffled with the gale,  
 Reflecting heav'n with splendid pride,  
 As rolling through the vale.

## XLVII.

WHEN the rosy morn appearing,  
 Paints with gold the verdant lawn,  
 Bees on banks of thyme disporting,  
 Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.  
 Warbling birds the day proclaiming,  
 Carol sweet the lively strain;  
 They forsake their leafy dwelling,  
 To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner,  
 Take the scatter'd ears that fall !  
 Nature, all her children viewing,  
 Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

## XLVIII.

WHEN fairies dance round on the grafs,  
 And revel to night's awful noon,  
 O say, will you meet me, sweet las,  
 All by the clear light of the moon ?  
 My passion I seek not to screen ;  
 Then can I refuse you your boon ?  
 I'll meet you at twelve on the green,  
 All by the clear light of the moon.  
 I'll meet you at twelve on the green,  
 All by the clear light of the moon.

The nightingale perch'd on a thorn,  
 Then charms all the plains with her tune,  
 And glad of the absence of morn,  
 Salutes the pale light of the moon ;  
 How sweet is the jessamine grove !  
 And sweet are the roses of June ;  
 But sweeter the language of love,  
 Breath'd forth by the light of the moon.  
 But sweeter, &c.

Too slow rolls the chariot of day,  
 Unwilling to grant me my boon :  
 Away, envious sunshine ! away,  
 Give place to the light of the moon :  
 But say, will you never deceive  
 The las whom you conquer'd too soon,  
 And leave a soft maiden to grieve  
 Alone by the light of the moon ?  
 And leave, &c.

The planets shall start from their spheres,  
 Ere I prove so fickle a loon;  
 Believe me, I'll banish thy fears,  
 Dear maid, by the light of the moon:  
 Our loves when the shepherds shall view,  
 To us they their pipes shall attune,  
 While we our soft pleasures renew  
 Each night by the light of the moon:  
 While we our soft pleasures renew,  
 Each night by the light of the moon.

## XLIX.

WHERE the jessamine sweetens the bow'r  
 And cowslips adorn the gay green,  
 The roses, refresh'd by the show'r,  
 Contribute to brighten the scene;  
 The roses, refresh'd by the show'r,  
 Contribute to brighten the scene.  
 In a cottage, retir'd there live  
 Young Colin, and Phœbe the fair;  
 The blessings each other receive,  
 In mutual enjoyment they share;  
 The blessings each other receive,  
 In mutual enjoyment they share.  
 And the lads and the lasses that dwell on the plain,  
 Sing in praise of fair Phœbe, and Colin her swain.  
 The sweets of contentment supply  
 The splendor and grandeur of pride;  
 No wants can the shepherd annoy,  
 Whilst blest with his beautiful bride;  
 No wants, &c.  
 He wishes no greater delight  
 Than to tend on his lambkins by day,

And return to his Phœbe at night,  
 His innocent toil to repay;  
 And return, &c.

And the lads tell the lasses, in hopes to prevail,  
 They're as constant as Colin, who lives in the dale,

If delighted her lover appears,  
 The fair one partakes of his bliss;  
 If dejected, she soothes all his care,  
 And heals all his pains with a kiss;  
 If dejected, &c.

She despises the artful deceit,  
 That is practis'd in city and court;  
 Thinks happiness no where compleat,  
 But where shepherds and nymphs do resort.  
 Thinks happiness, &c.

And the lads tell the lasses they die in despair,  
 Unless they're as kind as is Phœbe the fair.

Ye youths, who're accusom'd to rove,  
 And each innocent fair one betray,  
 No longer be faithless in love,  
 The dictates of honour obey;  
 No longer be faithless in love,  
 The dictates of honour obey:

Ye nymphs, who with beauty are blest,  
 With virtue improve ev'ry grace;  
 The charms of the mind, when possiest,  
 Will dignify those of the face;

And, ye lads and ye lasses, whom Hymen has join'd,  
 Like Colin be constant, like Phœbe be kind.

L.

My fond shepherds of late were so blest,  
 The fair nymphs were so happy and gay,  
 That each night they went safely to rest,  
 And they merrily sung thro' the day:

But ah! what a scene must appear!

Must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er?

Shall the tabor no more strike the ear?

Shall the dance on the green be no more?

Must the flocks from their pasture be led?

Must the herds go wild straying abroad?

Shall the looms be all stopt in each shed,

And the ships be all moor'd in each road?

Must the hearts be all scatter'd abroad,

And shall Commerce grow sick of the tide?

Must Religion expire on the ground,

And shall Virtue sink down by her side?

LI.

ALEXIS, a shepherd, young, constant and kind,

Has often declar'd I'm the nymph to his mind:

I think he's sincere, and he will not deceive;

But they tell me a maid should with caution believe.

He brought me this rose that you see in my breast;

He begg'd me to take it, and sigh'd out the rest:

I could not do less than the favour receive;

And he thinks it now sweeter, I really believe.

This flowret, he cry'd, reads a lesson to you:

How bright, and how lovely, it seems to the view!

'Twould fade if not pluck'd, as your sense must  
conceive—

I was forc'd to deny what I really believe.

My flocks he attends; if they stray from the plain,  
Alexis is sure ev'ry sheep to regain;

Then begs, a dear kiss for his labour I'll give;

And I ne'er shall refuse him, I really believe.



He plays on his pipe while he watches my eyes,  
To read the soft wishes we're taught to disguise;  
And tells me sweet stories from morning to eve;  
Then he swears that he loves, which I really believe.

An old maid I once was determin'd to die;  
But that was before I'd this swain in my eye:  
And as soon as he asks me his pain to relieve,  
With joy I shall wed him, I really believe.

## LII.

No nymph that trips the verdant plains,  
With Sally can compare;  
She wins the hearts of all the swains,  
And rivals all the fair:  
The beams of Sol delight and cheer,  
While summer seasons roll;  
But Sally's smiles can all the year  
Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the East the morning ray  
Illumes the world below,  
Her presence bids the God of day  
With emulation glow:  
Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,  
Birds sweeter notes prepare;  
The playful lambkins skip around,  
And hail their sister fair.

The lark but strains his livid throat,  
To bid the maid rejoice,  
And mimicks, while he swells his note,  
The sweetness of her voice:  
The fanning zephyrs round her play,  
While Flora sheds perfume,  
And ev'ry flowret seems to say,  
I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youth her charms proclaim,  
 From morn to eve their tale :  
 Her beauty and unspotted fame  
 Make vocal every vale ;  
 The stream meand'ring thro' the mead,  
 Her echo'd name conveys ;  
 And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,  
 Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithsome lads and swain  
 To mirthful wake resort,  
 Nor ev'ry May-morn on the plain  
 Advance in rural sport :  
 No more shall gush the purling rill,  
 Nor music wake the grove,  
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,  
 When I forget to love.

## LIII.

To dear Amaryllis young Strephon had long  
 Declar'd his fix'd passion, and dy'd for in song :  
 He went, one May morning, to meet in the grove,  
 By her own dear appointment, this goddess of love :  
 Mean time in his mind all her charms he ran o'er,  
 And doated on each——Can a lover do more ?

He waited, and waited ; then, changing his strain,  
 'Twas fury, and rage, and despair, and disdain !  
 The sun was commanded to hide his dull light,  
 And the whole course of nature was alter'd down-  
 'Twas his hapless fortune to die and adore, [right :  
 But never to change——Can a lover do more ?

Cleora, it happ'd, was by accident there ;  
 No rose-bud so tempting, no lily so fair :  
 He prest her white hand—next her lips he essay'd ;  
 Nor would she deny him, so civil the maid :

Her kindly compliance his peace did restore,  
And dear Amaryllis——was thought of no more.

## LIV.

No more ye swains, no more upbraid  
A youth, by love unhappy made;  
Your rural sports are all in vain,  
To soothe my care, or ease my pain.  
Nor shade of trees, nor sweets of flow'rs,  
Can e'er redeem my happy hours;  
When ease forsakes the tortur'd mind,  
What pleasure can a lover find?

Yet, if again you wish to see  
Your Damon still restor'd and free,  
Go try to move the cruel fair,  
And gain the scornful Cælia's ear.  
But, oh! forbear with too much art  
To touch that dear relentless heart,  
Lest rivals to my fears ye prove,  
And jealousy succeed to love.

## LV.

THE wood-lark whistles through the grove,  
Tuning the sweetest notes of love  
To please his female on the spray;  
Perch'd by his side, her little breast  
Swells with her lover's joy confess'd,  
To hear, and to reward the lay.

Come then, my fair one, let us prove  
From their example how to love;  
For thee the early pipe I'll breathe;  
And when my flock return to fold,  
Their shepherd to thy bosom hold,  
And crown him with the nuptial wreath.

## LVI.

WHEN the head of poor Tummas was broke  
 By Roger, who play'd at the wake,  
 And Kate was alarm'd at the stroke,  
 And wept for poor Tummas's sake;  
 When his worship gave noggins of ale,  
 And the liquor was charming and stout;  
 O, those were the times to regale,  
 And we footed it rarely about.

Then our partners were buxom as does,  
 And we all were as happy as kings;  
 Each lad in his holiday cloaths,  
 And the lasses in all their best things:  
 What merriment all the day long!  
 May the feast of our Colin prove such!  
 Odzooks! but I'll join in the song,  
 And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

## LVII.

YOUNG Strephon, a shepherd, the pride of the  
 plain,

Each day is attempting my kindness to gain:  
 He takes all occasions his flame to renew;  
 I always reply, that his courting won't do.

He spares no rich presents to make me more kind,  
 And exhausts in my praise all the wit of his mind:  
 I say, I'm engag'd, and I wish him to go;  
 He asks me so oft, till I rudely say, No.

To Thyrsis, last Valentine's day, the dear youth,  
 I tell him I plighted my faith and my truth;  
 That wealth cannot peace and contentment bestow,  
 And my heart is another's, so beg he will go.

That love is not purchas'd with titles and gold,  
 And the heart that is honest can never be sold;  
 That I sigh not for grandeur, but look down on  
 show;

And to Thyrsis must hasten, nor answer him No.

He hears me, and, trembling all over, replies,  
 If his suit I prefer not, he instantly dies:  
 He gives me his hand, and would force me to go;  
 I pity his suff'ring, but boldly say, No.

I try to avoid him, in hopes of sweet peace;  
 He haunts me each moment to make me say, Yes:  
 But to-morrow, ye fair-ones, with Thyrsis I go;  
 And trust me, at church, that I will not say, No.

## LVIII.

Tho' his passion, in silence, the youth would  
 conceal,

What his tongue would not utter, his eyes still reveal;  
 And by soft stolen glances unwillingly prove,  
 That they are the tell-tales of Celadon's love.

To the grove, or the green, to the dance, or the fair,  
 Wherever I go, my blithe shepherd is there;  
 I know the fond youth by his blush and his smile,  
 And surely such looks were not made to beguile.

Tho' indiff'rent the subject, whatever it prove,  
 He insensibly turns the discourse upon love;  
 If he talks to another, with pleasure I see,  
 Tho' his words are to her, yet his looks are to me.

When he speaks, if alone, I am ever in fear [hear:  
 He should say what I dread, and yet wish most to  
 Should he mention his love, tho' my pride would  
 deny,

Myheart whispers, Celia, fond Celia, comply.



## LIX.

THE shepherd's, plain life,  
 Without guilt, without strife,  
 Can only true blessings impart :  
 As nature directs,  
 That bliss he expects  
 From health, and from quiet of heart.

Vain grandeur and pow'r,  
 Those joys of an hour,  
 Tho' mortals are toiling to find ;  
 Can titles or show  
 Contentment bestow ?  
 All happiness dwells in the mind.

Behold the gay rose,  
 How lovely it grows,  
 Secure in the depth of the vale !  
 Yon oak, that on high  
 Aspires to the sky,  
 Both lightning and tempests assail.

Then let us the snare  
 Of ambition beware,  
 That source of vexation and smart ;  
 And sport on the glade,  
 Or repose in the shade,  
 With health and with quiet of heart.

## LX.

As I went o'er the meadows, no matter the day,  
 A shepherd I met who came tripping that way ;  
 I was going to fair all so bonny and gay,  
 And he ask'd me to let him go with me there ;  
 No harm shall come to you, young damsel, I swear ;  
 I'll buy you a fairing to put in your hair.

F

You've a good way to go, it is more than a mile;  
 We'll rest, if you please, when we get to yon stile:  
 I've a story to tell, that will charm you the while.  
 To go with him farther I did not much care;  
 But still I went on, suspecting a snare;  
 For I dream'd of a fairing to come from the fair.

To make me more easy, he said all he could:  
 I threaten'd to leave him, unless he'd be good;  
 For I'd not for the world he should dare to be rude.  
 Young Roger had promis'd, and balk'd me last year:  
 If he should do so, I would go no more there,  
 Tho' I long'd e'er so much for a gift from the fair.

When we got to the stile, he would scarce be said no;  
 He press'd my soft lips, as if there he would grow;  
 (Take care how that way with a shepherd you go.)  
 Confounded I ran, when I found out his snare:  
 No ribband, I cry'd, from such hands will I wear,  
 Nor go, while I live, for a gift to the fair.

## LXI.

FROM the man whom I love tho' my heart I disguise,  
 I will freely describe you the wretch I despise;  
 And if he has sense but to balance a straw,  
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.  
 And if he has sense but to balance a straw,  
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau;  
 Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow:  
 A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon;  
 In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.  
 A peacock, &c.

As a vulture rapacious, in falshood a fox;  
 Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks:  
 As a tyger ferocious, perverse as a hog;  
 In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.  
 As a tyger, &c.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,  
 His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather:  
 Yet if he has sense but to balance a straw,  
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.  
 Yet if he has sense but to balance a straw,  
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

## LXII.

ARISE, sweet messenger of morn,  
 With thy mild beams this life adorn,  
 For, long as shepherds pipe and play,  
 This, this shall be a holiday.

See! morn appear; a rosy hue  
 Steals soft o'er yonder orient blue;  
 Well are we met in trim array,  
 To frolic out this holiday.

Each nymph be like the blushing morn,  
 That gaily brightens o'er the lawn;  
 Each shepherd, like the sun be gay,  
 And grateful keep this holiday.

## LXIII.

I SPREAD o'er the fields of ev'ry kind,  
 The daisies flow'rs I chose,  
 And sent them in a wreath to bind  
 My Rosalinda's brows,  
 My Rosalinda's brows.

Here hyacinthus, ting'd with blood,  
 In purple beauty glows ;  
 There, bursting from the swelling bud,  
 Appears the blushing rose,  
 Appears the blushing rose.

Here violets of purple hue,  
 Chaste lilies white as snow,  
 Narcissuses that drink the dew,  
 And near the fountain blow,  
 And near the fountain blow.

To boast thy charms when crown'd with those,  
 Cease, cease, O beauteous maid !  
 Thy face, that blooms so like the rose,  
 Like that, alas ! will fade,  
 Like that, alas ! will fade.

LXIV. MAY EVE ; OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam  
 Steals softly through the night,  
 To wanton with the winding stream,  
 And kifs reflected light :  
 To courts be gone ! heart-soothing sleep,  
 Where you've so seldom been ;  
 Whilst I May's wakeful vigils keep  
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,  
 In primrose chaplets gay,  
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,  
 And gives the promis'd May :  
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare  
 The promis'd May, when seen,  
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,  
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,  
 And rouse yon nodding grove,  
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,  
 And hail the maid I love.  
 At her approach the lark mistakes,  
 And quits the dew-dress'd green;  
 Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,  
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithsome o'er the dewy mead,  
 Where elves disportive play,  
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,  
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay,  
 Till May in morning robe draws nigh,  
 And claims a virgin-queen:  
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,  
 "Here's Kate of Aberdeen."

EEN.

## LXV. JENNY OF THE GREEN

WHILE others strip the new-fall'n snows,  
 And steal its fragrance from the rose,  
 To dress their fancy's queen;  
 Fain would I sing, but words are faint;  
 All music's powers too weak to paint  
 My Jenny of the Green.

Beneath this elm, beside the stream,  
 How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite theme,  
 And told my tale unseen!  
 While, faithful in the lover's cause,  
 The wind would murmur soft applause  
 To Jenny of the Green.

With joy my soul reviews the day,  
 When, deck'd in all the pride of May,  
 She hail'd the sylvan scene;



Then ev'ry nymph, that hop'd to please,  
First strove to catch the grace and ease:  
Of Jenny of the Green.

Then, deaf to ev'ry rival's sigh,  
On me she cast her partial eye,  
Nor scorn'd my humble mien;  
The fragrant myrtle wreath I wear,  
That day adorn'd the lovely hair  
Of Jenny of the Green.

Through all the fairy land of love  
I'll seek my pretty wand'ring dove,  
The pride of gay fifteen;  
Though now she treads some distant plain,  
Though far apart, I'll meet again  
My Jenny of the Green.

But thou, old Time, 'till that blest'd night  
That brings her back with speedy flight,  
Melt down the hours between;  
And when we meet, the loss repay,  
On loit'ring wing prolong my stay  
With Jenny of the Green.

## LXVI.

HASTE, haste, Amelia, gentle fair,  
To soft Elyfian gales;  
From smoke to smiling skies repair,  
And sun-illumin'd vales;  
No sighs, no murmurs, haunt the grove,  
But blessings crown the plains;  
Here calm Contentment, heav'n-born maid,  
And Peace, the cherub, reigns,

O come ! for thee the roses bloom,  
The deep carnation grows ;  
For thee sweet vi'lets breathe perfume,  
The white-rob'd lily blows ;  
For thee their streams the Naiads roll,  
The daïsied hills are gay,  
Where (emblems of Amelia's soul)  
The spotless lambkins play.

From vale to vale the Zephyrs rove,  
To rob th' unfolding flow'rs ;  
And music melts in ev'ry grove,  
To charm thy rural hours ;  
The warbling lark, high pois'd in air,  
Exerting all his pride,  
Will strive to please Amelia fair,  
Who pleases all beside.

## LXVII.

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true,  
My fields were small, my flocks were few ;  
While falt'ring accents spoke my fear,  
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,  
And vagrant sheep that left my fold,  
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear ;  
And was not Flavia then sincere ?

How, chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,  
The friend I lov'd became unkind,  
She heard, and shed a gen'rous tear ;  
And is not Flavia then sincere ?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,  
My Flavia must not hope for dress.  
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear ;  
And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains ;  
Go reap the plenty of your plains :  
Despoil'd of all which you revere,  
I know my Flavia's love's sincere.

## LXVIII.

YE warblers, while Strephon I mourn,  
To cheer me, your harmony bring ;  
Unless, since my shepherd is gone,  
You cease, like poor Phillis, to sing :  
Each flower declines its sweet head,  
Nor odours around me will throw,  
Whilst ev'ry soft lamb on the mead  
Seems kindly to pity my woe.

Each rural amusement I try  
In vain to restore my past ease ;  
What charm'd when my Strephon was by,  
Has now lost the power to please :  
Ye seasons that brighten the grove,  
Not long for your absence we mourn ;  
But Strephon neglects me and love,  
He roves, and will never return.

As gay as the spring is my dear,  
And sweet as all flowers combin'd ;  
His smiles like the summer can cheer,  
Ah ! why then, like winter, unkind ?  
Unkind he is not, I can prove,  
But tender to others can be ;  
To Celia and Chloe makes love,  
And only is cruel to me.

## LXIX. LOVE'S ELEGY.

FAREWELL, Ianthé, faithless maid,  
Source of my grief and pain;  
Who with fond hopes my heart betray'd,  
And fann'd love's kindling flame;  
Yet gave from me thy hand, this morn,  
To Corydon's rich heir,  
Who with gay vestments did adorn  
Thee, false, yet beauteous fair.

Adieu, my native soil; ye vales,  
High woods, and tufted hills;  
Adieu, ye groves and flow'ry dales,  
Clear streams and crystal rills:  
Adieu! ye bring into my mind  
Those past, those happy days,  
When Iphis found Ianthé kind,  
And pleasure strew'd his ways.

Ere dawn my homely steps I'll bend,  
Where distant mountains rise,  
In hopes that reason there may send  
That aid she here denies;  
That time and absence may efface  
Her image from my breast,  
Which, whilst she there maintains a place,  
Can never taste of rest.

## LXX.

YOUNG Colin protests I'm his joy and delight;  
He's never unhappy when I'm in his sight;  
He wants to be with me wherever I go;  
The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so,  
The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.

His pleasure all day is to sit by my side;  
 He pipes and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide:  
 I bid him depart; but he, smiling, says, No  
 'The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so,  
 'The deuce, &c.

He often requests me his flame to relieve;  
 I ask him, what favour he hopes to receive?  
 His answer's a sigh, while in blushes I glow:  
 What mortal beside him would plague a maid so?  
 What mortal, &c.

This breast-knot he yesterday brought from the wake  
 And softly entreated I'd wear for his sake:  
 Such trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow;  
 I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so,  
 I sure, &c.

He hands me each eve from the cot to the plain,  
 And meets me each morn to conduct me again;  
 But what's his intention I wish I could know,  
 For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him so,  
 For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him so.

LXXI. LOVE IN LOW LIFE.

Young Jockey he courted sweet Moggy so fair;  
 The lass she was lovely, the swain debonaire;  
 They hugg'd, and they cuddled, and talk'd with  
 their ye o.  
 And look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wise.

A fortnight was spent ere dear Moggy came too;  
 (For maidens a decency keep when they woo:)  
 At length she consented, and made him a vow!  
 And Jockey he gave, for a jointure, his cow.



They pannell'd their dobbins, and rode to the fair,  
 Still kissing and fondling untill they came there:  
 They call'd on the parson, and by him were wed:  
 And Moggy she took her dear Jockey to bed.

They staid there a week, as the neighbours all say,  
 And none were so happy, and gamesome, as they:  
 Then home they return'd, but return'd most unkind,  
 For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind.

Surpris'd at this treatment, she cry'd, Gaffer Jock,  
 Pray what is the reason that Moggy you mock?  
 Quoth he, Goose, come on! why you now are my  
 bride;

And when volk are wed, they set fooling aside.

He took home his Moggy, good conduct to learn,  
 Who brush'd up the house, while he thatch'd the  
 old barn;

They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,  
 And now live as man and wife usually do.

## LXXII.

GENTLE gales, in pity bear  
 My sighs, my tender sighs away:  
 To my cruel Strephon's ear,  
 All my soft complaints convey.

Near some mossy fountain's side,  
 Or on some verdant bank reclin'd,  
 Where bubbling streams in murmurs glide,  
 You will the dear deluder find.  
 Gentle gales, &c.

Tell the false one, how I mourn,  
 Tell him all my pains and woes;  
 Tell, ah! tell him to return,  
 And bring my wounded heart repose.  
 Gentle gales, &c.

## LXXIII. THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.

WITH Phyllis I'll trip o'er the meads,  
 And hasten away to the plain,  
 While shepherds attend with their reeds,  
 To welcome my love and her swain :  
 The lark is exalted in air,  
 The linnet sings perch'd on the spray ;  
 Our lambs stand in need of our care,  
 Then let us not lengthen delay.

What pleasures I feel with my dear,  
 While gamefome young lambs are at sport,  
 Exceed the delight of a peer,  
 That shines with such grandeur at court :  
 When Cofin and Strephon go by,  
 They form a disguise for a while ;  
 They see how I'm blest with a sigh,  
 But envy forbids them to smile.

Let courtiers of liberty prate,  
 T' enjoy it take infinite pains :  
 But liberty's primitive state  
 Is only enjoy'd on the plains :  
 With Phyllis I rove to and fro,  
 With her my gay minutes are spent ;  
 'Twas Phyllis first taught me to know,  
 That happiness flows from content.

## LXXIV.

WHEN vapours o'er the meadows die,  
 And morning streaks the purple sky,  
 I wake to love with jocund glee,  
 To think on him who dotes on me.  
 When eve embrows the verdant grove,  
 And Philomel laments her love ;

Each sigh I breathe my love reveals,  
And tells the pangs my bosom feels.

With secret pleasure I survey  
The frolic birds in am'rous play ;  
While fondest cares my heart employ,  
Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

## LXXV.

WHEN late a simple rustic lass  
I rov'd without constraint,  
A stream was all my looking-glass,  
And health my only paint.

The charms I boast, alas ! how few,  
I gave to nature's care ;  
As vice ne'er spoil'd their native hue,  
They could not want repair.

## LXXVI.

As Thyrsis reclin'd by her side he lov'd best,  
With a sigh, her soft hand to his bosom he prest,  
While his passion he breath'd in the grove ;  
“ As the bird to his nest still returns for repose,  
As back to its fountain the constant stream flows,  
So true and unchang'd is my love.

“ If e'er this heart roves, or revolts from its chains,  
May Ceres in rage quit the vallies and plains,  
May Pan his protection deny !  
In vain would young Phillis and Laura be kind :  
On the lips of another no rapture I find ;  
With thee as I've liv'd, so I'll die.”

More still had he swore, but the queen of the May,  
 Young Jenny the wanton, by chance, tript that way,  
 And sought sweet repose in the shade.  
 With sorrow, young lovers, I tell the fond tale,  
 The lass was alluring, the shepherd was frail,  
 And forgot ev'ry vow he had made.

To comfort the nymph, and her loss to supply,  
 In form of Alexis young Cupid drew nigh,  
 Of shepherds the envy and pride:  
 Ah! blame not the maid, if, o'ercome by his truth,  
 Her hand, and her heart, she bestow'd on the youth,  
 And the next morn beheld her his bride.

Learn rather from Sylvia's example, ye fair,  
 That a pleasing revenge shall take place of despair;  
 Give sorrow and care to the wind:  
 If faithful the swain, to his passion be true;  
 If false, seek redress in a lover that's new,  
 And pay each inconstant in kind.

## LXXVII. THE ACCIDENT.

As t'other day milking I sat in the vale,  
 Young Damon came up, to address his soft tale,  
 So sudden, I started, and gave him a frown;  
 For he frightened my cow, and my milk was kick'd  
 down.

Lord bless me! says I, what a deuce can you mean,  
 To come thus upon me, unthought-of, unseen!  
 I ne'er will approve of the love you pretend;  
 For, as mischief began, perhaps mischief may end.

I little thought now he'd his passion advance;  
 But pretty excuses made up the mischance:  
 He begg'd a kind kiss, which I gave him, I vow;  
 And I laid, my own self, all the fault on my cow.

May,  
way,

How many ways love can the bosom invade!  
His bate proved too strong, alas! for a maid:  
He hinted that wedlock was what he'd be at;  
But I thought it was best to say nothing of that.

uth,  
uth,

I flutter all over whene'er he comes nigh;  
For, if he should press, I should surely comply;  
And ne'er shall be angry, my heart itself tells,  
Tho' he flings down my milk, or does any thing else.

## LXXVIII.

air;

SURE Sally is the loveliest lass  
That e'er gave shepherd glee;  
Not May-day, in its morning-dress,  
Is half so fair as she:  
Let poets paint the Paphian queen,  
And fancy form'd adore;  
Ye bards, had ye my Sally seen,  
You'd think on those no more.

d

in,

No more ye'd prate of Hybla's hill,  
Where bees their honey sip,  
Did you but know the sweets that dwell  
On Sally's love-taught lip:  
But, ah! take heed, ye tuneful swains,  
The ripe temptation shun;  
Or else like me you'll wear her chains,  
Like me you'll be undone.

ad.

v.

Once in my cot secure I slept,  
And lark-like hail'd the morn;  
More sportive than the kids I kept,  
I wanton'd o'er the lawn:  
To ev'ry maid love-ales I told,  
And did my truth aver;  
Yet ere the parting kifs was cold  
I laugh'd at love and her.



But now the gloomy grove I seek,  
 Where love-lorn shepherds stray;  
 There to the winds my grief I speak,  
 And sigh my soul away:  
 Nought but despair my fancy paints,  
 No dawn of hope I see;  
 For Sally's pleas'd with my complaints,  
 And laughs at love and me.

Since these my poor neglected lambs,  
 So late my only care,  
 Have lost their tender fleecy dams,  
 And stray'd I know not where:  
 Alas! my ewes, in vain ye bleat  
 My lambkins lost, adieu!  
 No more we on the plains shall meet,  
 For lost's your shepherd too.

## LXXIX.

You tell me I'm handsome, (I know not how true)  
 And easy, and chatty, and good-humour'd too:  
 That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June,  
 And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in tune:  
 All this has been told me by twenty before;  
 But he that would win me, must flatter me more,  
 But he that would win me, must flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,  
 Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I!  
 My ease and good-humour short raptures will bring;  
 My voice, like the nightingale's, knows but a spring:  
 For charms such as these then your praises give o'er;  
 To love me for life, you must love me still more.  
 To love me, &c.

Then talk not to me of a shape, or an air ;  
 For Chloë the wanton can rival me there :  
 'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,  
 And brightens good-humour as sun-shine the day :  
 For that if you love me, your flame may be true,  
 And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too,  
 And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too.

## LXXX.

WHAT medicine can soften the bosom's keen smart ?  
 What Lethe can banish the pain ?  
 What cure can be met with to sooth the fond heart  
 That's broke by a faithless young swain ?  
 In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try  
 The sports of the wake and the green !  
 When Colin is dancing, I say with a sigh,  
 'Twas here first my Damon was seen.

When to the pale moon the soft nightingales moan,  
 In accents so piercing and clear ;  
 You sing not so sweetly, I cry, with a groan,  
 As when my dear Damon was here.

A garland of willow my temples shall shade,  
 And pluck it, ye nymphs, from yon grove ;  
 For there, to her cost, was poor Laura betray'd,  
 And Damon pretended to love.

## LXXXI. THE POWER OF NATURE.

WHERE virtue encircles the fair,  
 There lilies and roses are vain ;  
 Each blossom must drop with despair,  
 Where innocence takes up her reign :

No gaudy embellishing arts  
The fair-one need call to her aid,  
Whokindly by nature imparts  
The graces that nature has made.

The swain who has sense, must despise  
Each coquettish art to ensnare ;  
If timely ye'd wish to be wise,  
Attend to my counsel, ye fair :  
Let virgins whom nature has blest,  
Her sovereign dictates obey ;  
For beauties by nature exprest  
Are beauties that never decay.

## LXXXII.

No shepherd was like Strephon gay,  
No swain to me so dear ;  
'Twas rapture all the live-long day  
His song, his pipe, to hear,  
His song, his pipe, to hear.  
Yet when he sigh'd, and talk'd of love,  
His passion I'd forbid ;  
For what I felt to hide I strove ;  
Upon my word I did,  
Upon my word I did.

The spring, when nature wakes to youth,  
And looks all life and joy,  
The summer's sun, saw Strephon's truth,  
Saw Chloe still was coy,  
Saw Chloe, &c.  
At length he vow'd, Thou cruel fair,  
Disdain my heart has freed :  
He spoke, and left me in despair ;  
Upon my word he did,  
Upon, &c.

How sad, how penitent was I!

My pride has caus'd my pain:  
From morn to eve I us'd to sigh,

Ch! Strephon, come again,  
Oh! Strephon, &c.

It chanc'd, he sought a tender lamb,  
That in the grove lay hid;

When, thoughtless, there I breath'd his name;  
Upon my word I did,  
Upon, &c.

Surpriz'd, my well-known voice to hear,  
In sounds of soft delight,

With eager steps the youth drew near,  
And met my raptur'd sight,  
And met, &c.

No pow'r had I, all art was vain,  
Of Strephon to get rid;

My panting heart confess'd the swain;  
Upon my word it did,  
Upon, &c.

O nymph, he cry'd, whose eyes to meet,  
My soul with joy o'erflows!

The bee, that roves from sweet to sweet,  
Like me, prefers the rose,  
Like me, &c.

Ye maids, with whom I've tripp'd the green,  
Let other youths succeed;

My Chloe welcom'd me again;  
Upon my word she did,  
Upon, &c.

While blushes crimson'd o'er my cheek,  
My hand with warmth he prest;

O! speak, he sigh'd, my Chloe, speak,  
Shall Strephon now be blest?  
Shall Strephon now be blest?

Ah ! who that lov'd so well, so long,  
 The shepherd could have chid ?  
 Perhaps you think I held my tongue :  
 Upon my word I did,  
 Upon my word I did.

## LXXXIII. CHARMING BESSY.

Assist me, all ye tuneful nine,  
 With numbers soft and witty ;  
 To Bessy I inscribe the line,  
 Then raise my humble ditty :  
 To Bessy I inscribe the line,  
 Then raise my humble ditty.  
 Catch, catch, ye groves, the am'rous song ;  
 And, as ye waft the sound along,  
 Attend, ye list'ning sylvan throng,  
 To praise my charming Bessy,  
 My lovely, charming Bessy.

Let others sing the cruel fair,  
 Who glories in undoing,  
 And proudly bids the wretch despair,  
 Rejoicing in his ruin,  
 And proudly, &c.  
 Such haughty tyrants I detest ;  
 And let me scorn them, while I rest  
 Upon thy gently-swelling breast,  
 My lovely, charming Bessy,  
 My lovely, &c.

The rose I'll pluck to deck her head,  
 The violet and the pansy :  
 The cowslip too shall quit the mead,  
 To aid my am'rous fancy ;  
 The cowslip, &c.



Ye fragrant sisters of the spring,  
Who shed your sweets on Zephyr's wing,  
Around my fair your odours fling,  
Around my charming Bessy,  
Around, &c.

When ev'ning dapples o'er the skies,  
The sun no longer burning,  
Methinks I see before my eyes  
Thy well known form returning.  
Methinks, &c.

On hill or dale, by wood or stream,  
Thou art alone my constant theme,  
My waking wish, my morning dream,  
Thou lovely, charming Bessy,  
Thou lovely, charming Bessy.

## LXXXIV. AMANDA.

By the dew-besprinkled rose;  
By the blackbird piping clear;  
By the western gale, that blows  
Fragrance on the vernal year;  
Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,  
Nor let him longer sigh in vain:  
Hear, &c.

By the cowslip, clad in gold;  
By the silver lily's light;  
By those meads, where you behold  
Nature rob'd in green and white;  
Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,  
And to his sighs, oh! sigh again;  
Hear, &c.

By the riv'let's rambling race :  
 By the music that it makes :  
 By bright Sol's inverted face,  
 Who for the stream his sky forsakes ;  
 Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,  
 And into joy convert his pain :  
 Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,  
 And into joy convert his pain.

## LXXXV. THE QUEEN OF MAY.

Ev'ry nymph and shepherd, bring  
 Tributes to the queen of May :  
 Rife for her brows the spring ;  
 Make her as the season gay,  
 Make her as the season gay.  
 Teach her then, from ev'ry flow'r,  
 How to use the fleeting hour :  
 Teach her then, from ev'ry flow'r,  
 How to use, &c.

Now the fair Narcissus blows,  
 With his sweetness now delights ;  
 By his side, the maiden rose  
 With her artless blush invites,  
 With her, &c.

Such, so fragrant, and so gay,  
 Is the blooming queen of May ;  
 Such, so fragrant, &c.

Soon the fair Narcissus dies,  
 Soon he droops his languid head ;  
 From the rose her purple flies,  
 None inviting to her bed,  
 None, &c.

Such, tho' now so sweet and gay,  
 Soon shall be the queen of May;  
 Such, tho' now, &c.

Tho' thou art a rural queen,  
 By the suffrage of the swains,  
 Beauty, like the vernal green,  
 In thy shrine not long remains,  
 In thy shrine not long remains.  
 Bless, then, quickly, bless the youth,  
 Who deserves thy love and truth;  
 Bless, then, quickly bless the youth,  
 Who deserves thy love and truth,  
 Who deserves thy love and truth.

LXXXVI. COLIN AND PHILLIS.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

*Colin.*

HARK! hark! o'er the plains what glad tumults  
 we hear!

How gay all the nymphs and the shepherds appear!  
 With myrtles and roses new deck'd are the bow'rs,  
 And every bush bears a garland of flow'rs,  
 I can't, for my life, what it means understand;  
 There's some rural festival surely at hand;  
 Not harvest nor sheep-shearing now can take place:

[ *Phillis enters.*

But Phillis will tell me the truth of the case.

*Phillis.*

The truth, honest lad!—why surely you know  
 What rites are prepar'd in the village below,  
 Where gallant young Thyrsis, so fam'd and ador'd,  
 Weds Daphne, the sister of Corin our lord;

That Daphne, whose beauty, good-nature, and ease  
 All fancies can strike, and all judgments can please;  
 That Corin—but praise must the matter give o'er;  
 You know what he is – and I need say no more.

*Colin.*

Young Thyrsis too claims all that honour can lend,  
 His countrymen's glory, their champion and friend,  
 Tho' such slight memorials scarce speak his deserts;  
 And, trust me, his name is engrav'd on their hearts.

*Phillis.*

But hence, to the bridal, behold how they throng!  
 Each shepherd conducting his sweetheart along:  
 The joyous occasion all nature inspires  
 With tender affections, and cheerful desires.

*Duetto.*

Ye pow'rs, that o'er conjugal union preside,  
 All-gracious look down on the bridegroom and  
     bride,  
 That beauty, and virtue, and valour may shine  
 In a race like themselves, with no end to the line:  
 Let honour and glory, and riches and praise,  
 Unceasing attend them thro' numerous days;  
 And, while in a palace fate fixes their lot.  
 Oh! may they live easy as those in a cot!

LXXXVII.

WHEN first I saw my Delia's face,  
 Adorn'd with ev'ry bloom and grace  
     That love and youth could bring:  
 Such sweetness too, in all her form,  
 I thought her once celestial born,  
     And took her for the spring.

Each day a charm was added more,  
 Music and language swell'd the store,  
 With all the force of reason ;  
 And yet so frolic, and so gay,  
 Deck'd with the op'ning sweets of May,  
 She look'd the Summer season.

Admiring crowds around her press ;  
 But none the happy He could guess,  
 Unwish'd, her beauties caught 'em :  
 I urg'd my passion in her ear ;  
 Of love, she said, she could not hear ;  
 And yet seem'd ripe as Autumn.

The rose not gather'd in its prime,  
 Will fade and fall in little time ;  
 So I began to hint t' her :  
 Her cheeks confess'd a Summer's glow,  
 But ah ! her breast of driven snow,  
 Conceals a heart of Winter.

## LXXXVIII. AMORET AND PHILLIS.

*Amoret.*

SWEET Phillis, well met,  
 The sun is just set,  
 To yon myrtle grove let's repair ;  
 All nature's at rest,  
 And none to molest ;  
 I've something to say to my fair.

*Phillis.*

No, no, subtle swain,  
 Entreaties are vain,  
 Persuade me to go, you ne'er shall ;  
 Night draws on apace,  
 I must quit the place,  
 The dew is beginning to fall.

H



*Amoret.*

Believe me, coy maid,  
By honour I'm sway'd,  
No fears need your bosom alarm :  
The oak and the pine  
Their leaves kindly join,  
To shelter Love's vot'ries from harm.

*Phillis.*

Your arts I despise,  
My virtue I prize ;  
Tho' poor, I am richer than those  
Who, lost to all shame,  
Will barter their fame  
For purchase of gold and fine clothes.

*Amoret.*

You do me much wrong ;  
Such thoughts ne'er belong  
To the noble and gen'rous breast :  
I meant but to know,  
If Phillis would go,  
And let Hymen make Amoret blest.

*Phillis.*

If what you now say,  
Your heart don't betray,  
It gives me much pleasure to find  
My Amoret still  
A stranger to ill,  
And for wedlock's soft bondage inclin'd.

## LXXXIX.

NEAR the side of a pond, at the foot of a hill,  
 A free-hearted fellow attends on his mill ;  
 Fresh health blooms her strong rosy hue o'er his  
 And honesty gives e'en to awkwardness grace : [face,  
 Beslour'd with his meal does he labour and sing,  
 And regaling at night, he's as blest as a king :  
 After heartily eating, he takes a full swill  
 Of liquor home-brew'd, to success of the mill.

He makes no nice scruples of toll for his trade,  
 For that's an excise to his industry paid :  
 His conscience is free, and his income is clear,  
 And he values not them of ten thousand a year ;  
 He's a freehold sufficient to give him a vote :  
 At elections he scorns to accept of a groat :  
 He hates your proud placemen ; and, do what they  
     will,  
 They ne'er can seduce the staunch man of the mill.

On Sunday he talks with the barber and priest,  
 And hopes that our statesmen do all for the best ;  
 That the Spaniards shall ne'er interrupt our free trade,  
 Nor good British coin be in subsidies paid :  
 He fears the French navy and commerce increase,  
 And he wishes poor Germany still may have peace :  
 Tho' Old England, he knows, may have strength,  
     and have skill  
 To protect all her manors, and save his own mill.

With this honest hope he goes home to his work,  
 And if water is scanty he takes up his fork,  
 And over the meadows he scatters his hay,  
 Or with the stiff plough turns up furrows of clay :

His harvest is crown'd with a good English glee,  
 That his country may ever be happy and free :  
 With his hand and his heart to King George does  
     he fill :  
 May all loyal souls act the man of the mill !

XC.

## RECITATIVE.

How gentle was my Damon's air !  
 Like sunny beams his golden hair ;  
 His voice was like the nightingale's,  
 More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales :  
 How hard such beauties to resign !  
 And yet that cruel task is mine.  
 How hard, &c.

AIR.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,  
     Along the margin of each stream,  
 Dear conscious scenes of former love,  
     I mourn, and Damon is my theme :  
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,  
 But Damon there I seek in vain ;  
 The hills, &c.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled ;  
     Groves, flocks and fountains please no more ;  
 Each flow'r in pity droops its head ;  
     All nature does my loss deplore :  
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,  
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain ;  
 All, all, &c.

## XCI. LOVE AND AFFECTION.

WHEN youth mature to manhood grew,  
Soon beauty touch'd my heart,  
From vein to vein love's lightning flew,  
With pleasing, painful smart :  
My bosom dear content forfook,  
And sooth'd the soft dejection ;  
The melting eye, the speaking look,  
Prov'd Love and sweet Affection.

Unus'd to arts which win the fair,  
What could a shepherd do ?  
And to submit to sad despair,  
Was not the way to woo.  
At length I told the lovely maid,  
I hop'd she'd no objection  
To talk ( while round her lambkins play'd )  
Of Love and sweet Affection.

A blush my Chloe's cheek bedeck'd,  
A blush devoid of guile,  
“ And what from me can you expect ? ”  
She answer'd with a smile,  
“ How many nymphs have been betray'd,  
“ Through want of calm reflection !  
“ Then don't my peace of mind invade  
“ With Love and sweet Affection.”

Dear maid, I cry'd, mistrust me not,  
In wedlock's bands let's join ;  
My kids, my kine, my herds, my cot,  
My soul itself is thine.  
To church I led the charming fair,  
To Hymen's kind protection ;  
And now life's dearest joys we share,  
With Love and sweet Affection.

## XCII. THE SKY-LARK.

Go, tuneful bird, that glads the skies,  
To Daphne's window speed thy way ;  
And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,  
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,  
And if she praise thy matin song ;  
Tell her, the sounds that sooth her ear,  
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,  
The bird from Indian groves may shine ;  
But ask the lovely, partial maid,  
What are his notes, compar'd to thine ?

Then bid her treat yon witlefs beau,  
And all his flaunting race, with scorn ;  
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,  
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

## XCIII.

BREATHE soft, ye winds ; be calm, ye skies ;  
Arise, ye flow'ry race, arise ;  
Ye silver dews, ye vernal show'rs,  
Call forth a bloomy waste of flow'rs.

The fragrant rose, a beauteous guest,  
Shall flourish on my fair one's breast ;  
Shall grace her hand, or deck her hair,  
The flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair.



## XCIV.

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour  
 To resist the tender dart ;  
 For examples move us never ;  
 We must feel, to know the smart.  
 When the shepherd swears he's dying,  
 And our beauties sets to view ;  
 Vanity, her aid supplying,  
 Bids us think 'tis all our due,  
 Bids us think 'tis all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes  
 Is the mild, deceitful strain ;  
 Frowning truth our sex displeases,  
 Flatt'ry never sues in vain :  
 But, too soon, the happy lover  
 Does our tend'rest hopes deceive :  
 Man was form'd to be a rover,  
 Foolish woman to believe,  
 Foolish woman to believe.

## XCV. THE JOYS OF HARVEST.

Now pleasure unbounded resounds o'er the plains,  
 And brightens the smiles of the damsels and swains,  
 As they follow the last team of harvest along,  
 And end all their toils with a dance and a song :  
 Possess'd of the plenty that blesses the year,  
 Bleak Winter's approach they behold without fear,  
 And when tempests rattle and hurricanes roar,  
 Enjoy what they have, and ne'er languish for more.

Dear Chloe, from them let us learn to be wise,  
 And use every moment of life as it flies: [prove  
 Gay youth is the spring-time, which all must im-  
 For summer to ripen an harvest of love.

Our hearts then a provident care should engage,  
 To lay friendship in store for the Winter of age,  
 Whose frowns shall disarm even Chloe's bright eye,  
 Damp the flame in my bosom, and pall ev'ry joy.

## XCVI.

LET the tempest of war  
 Be heard from afar,  
 With trumpets' and cannons' alarms :  
 Let the brave if they will,  
 By their valour or skill,  
 Seek honour and conquest in arms :  
 To live safe and retire,  
 Is what I desire,  
 Of my flocks and my Chloe possess :  
 For in them I obtain  
 True peace without pain,  
 And the lasting enjoyment of rest.

In some cottage or cell,  
 Like a shepherd to dwell,  
 From all interruption at ease ;  
 In a peaceable life,  
 To be blest with a wife,  
 Who will study her husband to please.

## XCVII. THE NON-PAREILLE.

THE nymph that I lov'd was as cheerful as day,  
 And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in May ;  
 Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove,  
 And her face was as fair as the mother's of love ;  
 Tho' mild as the pleasantest Zephyr that sheds  
 And receives gentle odours from flow'ry beds ;  
 Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon,  
 And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the moon.

Her mind was unfully'd as new-fall'n snow,  
 And as lively as tints from young Iris his bow ;  
 As clear as the stream, and as deep as the flood ;  
 She, tho' witty, was wise ; and tho' beautiful, good ;  
 The sweets that each virtue, or grace, had in store,  
 She cull'd as the bee does the bloom of each flow'r,  
 Which, treasur'd for me, O ! how happy was I !  
 For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy !

## XCVIII.

If those who live in shepherd's bow'r  
 Press not the gay and stately bed ;  
 The new-mown hay and breathing flow'r  
 A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those who sit at shepherd's board,  
 Soothe not their taste with wanton art ;  
 They take what nature's gifts afford,  
 And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,  
 No high and sparkling wines can boast ;  
 With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,  
 And crown them with the village toast.

If those who join in shepherd's sport,  
 Dancing on the daisy'd ground,  
 Have not the splendor of a court ;  
 Yet love adorns the merry round.

XCIX. THE SHEPHERD AND SHEPHERDESS.  
 A CANTATA.

*Shepherd.* RECITATIVE.

THE morning's freshness calls me forth,  
 To view creation crown the earth.

## AIR.

Come, my Lucy, come away,  
 Share with me this fun-shine day;  
 Sweets of May make nature gay,  
 Come, my Lucy, come away.

*Shepherdes.*

## RECITATIVE.

Ah! help me, shepherd, do but see,  
 I'm stung this moment by a bee.

*Shepherd.*

## AIR.

If you from a wound that's so small feel a pain,  
 Then think what you give to a true-loving swain,  
 When scornful you fly from his pray'rs:  
 A bee's single sting but a little while smarts,  
 But wounds for years fester in fond shepherd's hearts,  
 When lasses will give themselves airs.

*Shepherdes.*

Ah! shepherd, ah! shepherd, mankind like the bee,  
 Fly buzzing about ev'ry beauty they see;  
 And when the believing fool'd maid,  
 O'ercome by their arts, feels the force of love's sting;  
 At once, like the bee, the shepherd takes wing,  
 And laughing he leaves her betray'd.

*Shepherd.*

## RECITATIVE.

Then fix me at once for the rest of my life,  
 And from shepherd and lass, let us be man and wife.

*Shepherdes.*

## AIR.

Maids well should beware, ere to that they consent:  
 Those in haste to be marry'd, at leisure repent;  
 We should look ere we leap, 'tis a lott'ry for life,  
 Where the blanks are all drawn by a man and his  
 wife.

*Shepherd.*

Those who wed for mere wealth such misfortunes  
 may prove,  
 But we buy wedlock's tickets with true love for love ;  
 And since friendship's the prize in the lott'ry for  
 life,  
 We shall stand the best chance when we're made  
 man and wife.

*Shepherdes.*

Shall I liberty leave, and submit to be rul'd ?  
 To my children a slave, by my husband be tool'd ?  
 The day spent in trouble, the night waste in strife ?  
 This is often the change from a maid to a wife.

*Shepherd.*

We a wife take, 'tis said, e'er for better or worse ;  
 Marriage therefore is either a blessing or curse ;  
 Let us shew, by example, the blessings of life  
 Can only be found in a man and his wife.

*Shepherdes.*

But see the sun setting the clouds skirt with gold,  
 And nibbling flocks rising, repair to their fold !  
 Let us homeward repair——

*Both.*

————— And end further strife,  
 And to-morrow, my dear, we'll be made man and  
 wife.



## C. ARNO'S VALE.

WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,  
 Where Arno rolls his silver stream,  
 How brisk the nymph, the swains now gay!  
 Content inspir'd each rural lay:

The birds in livelier concert sung,  
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung;  
 All look'd as joy could never fail  
 Among the sweets of Arno's vale.

But since the good Palemon dy'd,  
 The chief of shepherds, and their pride,  
 Now Arno's sons must all give place  
 To northern men, and iron race:  
 The taste of pleasure now is o'er;  
 Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more;  
 The Muses droop, the Goths prevail;  
 Adieu the sweets of Arno's vale!

## CI. THE SEASON OF LOVE.

BRIGHT Sol is returned, the Winter is o'er,  
 His all-cheering beams do nature restore;  
 'The cowslip and daisy, the vi'let and rose,  
 Each garden, each orchard, does fragrance disclose;  
 The birds' cheerful notes are heard in each grove,  
 All nature confesses the Season of Love.

The nymphs and the shepherds come tripping amain,  
 All hasten to join in the sports of the plain;  
 Our rural diversions are free from all guile,  
 The face that is honest securely can smile;  
 The heart that's sincere in affection, may prove  
 All nature's force the Season of Love.

O come then, Philander, with Sylvia away,  
 Our friends that expect us, accuse our delay;  
 Let's haste to the village, the sports to begin;  
 I'll strive, for my shepherd, the garland to win.  
 But see his approach, whom my heart does approve,  
 Who makes ev'ry hour the Season of Love.

## CII.

Come then, come, ye sportive swains;  
 Hither, jocund nymphs, advance;  
 O'er the smooth enamell'd green  
 Lead along the rustic dance.  
 Come, your grateful tributes pay,  
 Hail the rosy morn of May.

Now again the rising year  
 Calls us forth to mirth and joy;  
 Pining grief, nor fordid care,  
 Shall our festive rites annoy.  
 Swell then, swell the cheerful lay,  
 Hail the rosy morn of May.

## CIII.

WITH the man that I love, was I destin'd to dwell,  
 On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell;  
 Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be  
 More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.  
 Let the vain and the venal, in wedlock aspire  
 To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire;  
 I yield them the bliss, where their wishes are plac'd,  
 Insensible creatures! 'tis all they can taste.

## CIV.

How happy were my days till now !  
I ne'er did sorrow feel ;  
With joy I rose to milk my cow,  
Or take my spinning-wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,  
Like any bird I sung,  
Till he pretended love, and I  
Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

O the fool ! the filly, filly fool,  
That trusts what man may be !  
I wish I was a maid again,  
And in my own country.

## CV. HOPE.

HOPE ! thou nurse of young desire,  
Fairy promiser of joy,  
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,  
Temp'rate sweet that ne'er can cloy :

Hope ! thou earnest of delight,  
Softest footholder of the mind,  
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,  
Surest friend the wretched find :

Kind deceiver, flatter still ;  
Deal out pleasures unpossess ;  
With thy dreams my fancy fill,  
And in wishes make me blest.

## CVI. SHEEPSHEARING.

To sheep-shear, my boys! pipe and tabor strike up:  
 Let's not lose a moment, brisk, push round the cup:  
 Our wool is all hous'd, and our toil is all o'er,  
 Our barns are well stock'd, now we'll dance on the  
 floor.

Come, neighbours! with hearts and with voices in  
 Rejoice at our festival sheep-shear in June; [tune,  
 Take each a full jug, drink success to the fleece,  
 And only with day-light let merriment cease.

## CVII. ACIS AND GALATEA.

THE flocks shall leave the mountains,  
 The woods the turtle dove,  
 The nymys forsake the fountains,  
 Ere I forsake my love.

Torture! fury! rage! despair!  
 I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

Not show'rs to larks more pleasing,  
 Nor sun-shine to the bee;  
 Not sleep to toil so easing,  
 As these dear smiles to me.

Fly swift, thou massy ruin, fly:  
 Die, presumptuous Acis, die!

## CVIII.

WHEN Phæbus the tops of the hills does adorn,  
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn!  
 When the antling stag is rous'd with the sound,  
 Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground;  
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain;  
 But still we pursue,

And now come in view of the glorious game :  
 O see how again he rears up his head ;  
 And, winged with fear, he redoubles his speed !  
 But oh ! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain, that he flies,  
 That his eyes lose the huntsmen, his ears lose the  
      cries :  
 For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,  
 And he pants, till with well-scented hounds sur-  
      rounded he dies.

## CIX.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
      By all their country's wishes blest !  
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
      Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,  
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
      Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;  
      By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;  
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,  
      To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;  
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
      To dwell a weeping hermit there !

## CX.

HARK ! the hollow woods resounding  
      Echo to the hunter's cry :  
 Hark ! how all the vales furrounding  
      To his cheering voice reply !

Now, so swift, o'er hills aspiring,  
      He pursues the gay delight :  
 Distant woods and plains, retiring,  
      Seem to vanish from his sight.



Flying still, and still pursuing,  
 See the fox, the hounds, the men!  
 Cunning cannot save from ruin!  
 Far from refuge, wood, and den.

Now they kill him—homeward hie them,  
 For a jovial night's repast;  
 Thus no sorrow e'er comes nigh them;  
 Health continues to the last.

## CXI. SUMMER.

WHERE the murm'ring river flows,  
 Where the weeping willows play;  
 We enjoy a cool repose,  
 From the busy glare of day.

Summer's heat disturbs the breast;  
 The passions should be calm and still:  
 Ev'ry thought is lull'd to rest,  
 By the sweetly tinkling rill.

## CXII. TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Poor melancholy bird, that all night long  
 Tell'st to the moon thy tale of tender woe;  
 From what sad cause can such sweet sorrow flow,  
 And whence this mournful melody of song?  
 Thy poet's musing fancy would translate  
 What mean the sounds that swell thy little breast,  
 When still at dewy eve thou leav'st thy nest,  
 Thus to the listening night to sing thy fate.  
 Pale Sorrow's victims wert thou once among,  
 Tho' now releas'd in woodlands wild to rove,  
 Or hast thou felt from friends some cruel wrong,  
 Or didst thou martyr of disastrous love?

Ah! songstresses sad! that such my lot might be,  
To sigh and sing at liberty—like thee!

## CXIII. TO THE SOUTH-DOWNS.

Ah, hills belov'd! where once an happy child,  
Your beechen shades, your turf your flowers  
I wove your blue-bells into garlands wild, [among,  
And woke your echoes with my artless song!

Ah, hills beloved! your turf, your flowers remain;  
But can they peace to this sad breast restore,  
For one poor moment soothe the sense of pain,  
And teach a breaking heart to throb no more?

And you, Aruna! in the vale below,  
As to the sea your limpid waves you bear,  
Can you one kind Lethean cup bestow,  
To drink a long oblivion to my care?  
Ah, no!—when all, e'en hope's last ray is gone,  
'There's no oblivion—but in death alone!

## CXIV.

WHERE weeping yews and nodding cypress wave  
In awful gloom, around thy mossy grave,  
Let nymphs and shepherds yearly tribute bring,  
And strew the earliest vi'lets of the spring.  
Let fairy-footsteps trace the midnight round,  
And guard from ev'ry ill the hallow'd ground;  
There drooping Love and Friendship oft appear,  
And Virtue greets thine ashes with a tear.

## CXV. THE BUD OF THE ROSE.

HER mouth, with a smile  
Devoid of all guile,  
Half open to view

Is the bud of the rose,  
In the morning that blows,  
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath  
Than the flow'r-scented heath  
At the dawning of day ;  
The hawthorn in bloom,  
The lily's perfume,  
Or the blossoms of May.

## CXVI.

YE rivers so limpid and clear,  
Who reflect, as in cadence you flow,  
All the beauties that vary the year,  
All the flow'rs on your margins that grow !  
How blest on your banks could I dwell,  
Were Melissa the pleasure to share,  
And teach your sweet echoes to tell  
With what fondness I doat on the Fair !

Ye harvests, that wave in the breeze  
As far as the view can extend !  
Ye mountains, umbrageous with trees,  
Whose tops so majestic ascend !  
Your landscape what joy to survey,  
Were Melissa with me to admire !  
Then the harvest would glitter, how gay !  
How majestic the mountains aspire !

In pensive regret whilst I rove,  
The fragrance of flow'rs to inhale ;  
Or watch from the pastures and grove,  
Each music that floats on the gale ;

Alas ! the delusion how vain !  
 Nor odours nor harmony please  
 A heart agonizing with pain,  
 Which tries ev'ry posture for ease.

If anxious to flatter my woes,  
 Or the languor of absence to cheer,  
 Her breath I would catch in the rose,  
 Or her voice in the nightingale hear.  
 To cheat my despair of its prey,  
 What object her charms can assume ?  
 How harsh is the nightingale's lay !  
 How insipid the rose's perfume !

Ye zephyrs that visit my Fair,  
 Ye sun-beams around her that play,  
 Does her sympathy dwell on my care ?  
 Does she number the hours of my stay ?  
 First perish ambition and wealth,  
 First perish all else that is dear,  
 Ere one sigh should escape her by stealth,  
 Ere my absence should cost her one tear.

When, when shall her beauties once more  
 This desolate bosom surprize ;  
 Ye Fates ! the blest moments restore  
 When I bask'd in the beams of her eyes ;  
 When, with sweet emulation of heart,  
 Our kindness we struggled to show ;  
 But the more that we strove to impart,  
 We felt it more ardently glow.

## CXVII.

As near a weeping spring reclin'd,  
 The beauteous Araminta pin'd,  
 And mourn'd a false ungrateful youth ;

While dying echoes caught the sound,  
And spread the soft complaints around  
Of broken vows and alter'd truth ;

An aged shepherd heard her moan,  
And thus in pity's kindest tone  
Address'd the lost, despairing maid :  
' Cease, cease, unhappy Fair, to grieve ;  
For sounds, tho' sweet, can ne'er relieve  
A breaking heart by love betray'd.

' Why shouldst thou waste such precious show'rs,  
That fall like dew on wither'd flow'rs,  
But dying passion ne'er restor'd ?  
In Beauty's empire is no mean ;  
And women, either slave or queen,  
Is quickly scorn'd when not ador'd.

' Those liquid pearls from either eye,  
Which might an Eastern empire buy,  
Unvalued here and fruitless fall ;  
No art the season can renew  
When love was young, and Damon true,  
No tears a wand'ring heart recal.

' Cease, cease, to grieve ; thy tears are vain,  
Should those fair orbs in drops of rain  
Vie with a weeping southern sky :  
For hearts o'ercome with love and grief  
All nature yields but one relief ;  
Die, hapless Araminta, die ! '

## CXVIII. HOPE.

HOPE, thou source of ev'ry blessing,  
Parent of each joy divine !  
Ev'ry balmy sweet possessing,  
Ev'ry promis'd bliss be thine.



Softest friend to heart-felt anguish,  
 Lend, O! lend thy pow'rful aid ;  
 Bid the lover cease to languish,  
 Cheer the fond despairing maid.

## CXIX. THE ROSE.

Rest, beauteous flow'r, and bloom anew,  
 To court my passing love ;  
 Glow in his eye with brighter hue,  
 And all thy form improve.  
 And while thy balmy odours steal,  
 To meet his equal breath,  
 Let thy soft blush, for mine, reveal  
 Th' imprinted kifs beneath.

## CXX.

WHERE the fond zephyr thro' the woodbine plays,  
 And wakes sweet fragrance in the mantling bow'r,  
 Near to that grove my lovely bridegroom stays  
 Impatient—for 'tis past the promis'd hour.  
 Lend me thy light, O ever-sparkling star !  
 Bright Hesper! in thy glowing pomp array'd,  
 Look down, look down, from thy all-glorious car,  
 And beam protection on a wand'ring maid.  
 'Tis to escape the penetrating spy,  
 And pass unnotic'd from malignant sight,  
 This dreary waste, full resolute, I try,  
 And trust my footsteps to the shades of night.  
 The moon has slipt behind an envious cloud ;  
 Her smiles, so gracious, I no longer view :  
 Let her remain behind that envious shroud,  
 My hopes, bright Hesperus! depend on you.

No rancour ever reach'd my harmless breast;  
 I hurt no birds, nor rob the bustling bee:  
 Hear then what Love and Innocence request,  
 And shed your kindest influence on me.

Thee Venus loves---First twinkler of the sky,  
 Thou art her star---in golden radiance gay:  
 On my distresses cast a pitying eye,  
 Assist me---for, alas! I've lost my way.

I see the darling of my soul---my love!  
 Expression can't the mighty rapture tell:  
 He leads me to the bosom of the grove:  
 Thanks, gentle star---kind Hesperus, farewell.

## CXXI.

ADIEU to the village delights,  
 Which lately my fancy enjoy'd!  
 No longer the country invites;  
 To me all its pleasures are void.  
 Adieu, thou sweet health-breathing hill!  
 Thou canst not my comfort restore:  
 For ever adieu, my dear vill!  
 My Lucy, alas! is no more.

She, she was the cure of my pain,  
 My blessing, my honour, my pride:  
 She ne'er gave me cause to complain,  
 Till that fatal day when she died.  
 Her eyes, that so beautiful shone,  
 Are closed for ever in sleep;  
 And mine, since my Lucy is gone,  
 Have nothing to do but to weep.

Could my tears the bright angel restore,  
 Like a fountain, they never should cease;  
 But Lucy, alas! is no more,  
 And I am a stranger to peace.  
 Let me copy, with fervour devout,  
 The virtues that glow'd in her heart;  
 Then soon, when life's sand is run out,  
 We shall meet again, never to part.

## CXXII. THE COTTAGER'S WISH.

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall  
 With my Fair-one as blooming as May, [trees,  
 Undisturb'd by all sound but the sighs of the breeze,  
 Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the Sun, less intense, to the westward inclines,  
 For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,  
 And see the rays dance, as inverted he shines  
 On the face of some river or lake:

Where my Fairest and I, on its verge as we pass,  
 (For 'tis she that must still be my theme)  
 Our shadows may view on the watery glass,  
 While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to low, and the lambkins to  
 When she sings me some amorous strain; [bleat,  
 All be silent and hush'd, unless echo repeat  
 The kind words and sweet sound back again!

And when we return to our cottage at night,  
 Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,  
 Let the Moon's silver beams through the leaves give  
 us light,  
 Just direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,  
 As thus gently and slowly we move ;  
 And let no single thought be express'd in our talk,  
 But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,  
 And secure from ambition's alarms,  
 Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,  
 And each morning shall rise with new charms.

## CXXIII. THE INVITATION.

THE noon-tide sun the fields had gilded o'er,  
 And drain'd the dew-drops with his fervid  
 To crop the herbage cattle had forbore, [beams ;  
 And sought refreshment from the shaded streams :

The glowing void around was all serene,  
 And silence exercis'd a lonesome sway ;  
 Save where the whisp'ring grass hoppers, unseen,  
 Enjoy'd with ecstasy the golden day :

When to a fragrant myrtle-grove withdrew  
 The fond Palemon---hapless shepherd swain !  
 His languid limbs upon the ground he threw,  
 And in these artless lays express'd his pain :

• Must I, devoid of hope, for ever pine,  
 The destin'd prey of unrelenting love ?  
 O Amaryllis ! can a breast like thine  
 So kind and gentle---yet so cruel prove ?

• What though my coffers hide no precious ore,  
 Nor gilded canopies o'erhang my head ?  
 With Amaryllis I request no more ;  
 Yon cot my palace---and my court, this shade.

- ' But see, my love, to heighten our delight,  
 ' The scented shrubs their flow'rets fair display :  
 The jessamines, in sparkling beauty bright,  
 Pour forth fresh fragrance on the smiling day.
- ' The myrtle also, and the laurel, join'd  
 With ev'ry shining flow'r that decks the grove,  
 In curious wreathings artfully entwin'd,  
 Shall form a charming garland for my love.
- ' And when the ruddy Sun descends the skies,  
 To yield his empire to the starry train ;  
 When ev'ning's gale in softest murmur sighs,  
 And drops of dew impearl the shadowy plain :
- ' Then, hand in hand, we'll hie us to the shade,  
 Together on the verdant bank recline ;  
 While chaste desires our ardent souls pervade ;  
 And thou dost gaze---and sigh, and call me thine.
- ' Where roams my fancy ?'----'Tis a dream, fond  
 For Amaryllis scorns thy rural store : [swain!  
 She bids thee languish in unpitied pain,  
 And never taste the sweets of comfort more.

## CXXIV. THE COMPLAINT.

WHEN once I with Phillida stray'd  
 Where rivers run murmuring by,  
 I heard the soft vows that the maid :  
 What swain was so happy as I ?  
 My breast was a stranger to care,  
 For my wealth by her kisses I told ;  
 I thought myself richer by far  
 Than he that had mountains of gold.



But now I am poor and undone,  
 Her vows have prov'd empty and vain;  
 The kisses I once thought my own  
 Are bestow'd on a happier swain:  
 But cease, gentle shepherd, to deem  
 That her vows shall be constant and true;  
 They're as false as a midsummer dream,  
 As fickle as midsummer dew.

O Phillis! so fickle and fair,  
 Why did you my love then approve?  
 Had you frown'd on my suit, thro' despair  
 I soon had forgotten to love;  
 You smil'd, and your smiles were so sweet,  
 You spoke, and your words were so kind,  
 I could not suspect the deceit,  
 But gave my loose sails to the wind.

When tempests the ocean deform,  
 And billows so mountainous roar,  
 The pilot, secur'd from the storm,  
 Ne'er ventures his bark from the shore;  
 As soon as soft breezes arise,  
 And smiles the false face of the sea,  
 His art he too credulous tries,  
 And, sailing, is shipwreck'd like me.

## CXXV. CANZONET.

For tenderness framed in life's earliest day,  
 A parent's soft sorrows to mine led the way:  
 The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,  
 And, ere words were my own, I spoke in a sigh.  
 The nightingale plunder'd, the mate-widow'd dove,  
 The warbled complaint of the suffering grove,  
 To youth as it ripen'd gave sentiment new,  
 The object still changing, the sympathy true. K 3

Soft embers of passion yet rest in the glow---  
 A warmth of more pain may this breast never know!  
 Or, if too indulgent the blessing I claim,  
 Let the spark drop from reason that wakens the  
 flame.



## CXXVI. THE SEDUCED FAIR.

SHE came from the hills of the west;  
 A smile of contentment she wore;  
 Her heart was a garden of rest;  
 But, ah! the sweet season is o'er.

How oft, by the streams in the wood,  
 Delighted, she'd ramble and rove!  
 And, while she stood marking the flood,  
 Would tune up a stanza of love.

In rural diversion and play,  
 The Summers glid smoothly along;  
 And her Winters pass'd briskly away,  
 Cheer'd up with a tale or a song.

At length a destroyer came by,  
 A youth of more person than parts,  
 Well skill'd in the arts of the eye,  
 The conquest and havock of hearts.

He led her by fountains and streams,  
 He woo'd her with sonnets and books;  
 He told her his tales and his dreams,  
 And mark'd their effect in her looks.

He led her by midnight to roam,  
 Where spirits and spectres affright;  
 For passions increase with the gloom,  
 And caution expires with the light.

At length, like a rose from the spray,  
 Like a lily just pluck'd from the stem,  
 She droop'd and she faded away,  
 Thrown by and neglected like them.

## CXXVII. THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

THE garlands fade, that Spring so lately wove ;  
 Each simple flow'r which she had nurs'd in dew ;  
 Anemonies, that spangled every grove,  
 The primrose wan, and hare-bell mildly blue.

No more shall v'lets linger in the dell,  
 Or purple orchis variegate the plain ;  
 Till Spring again shall call forth ev'ry bell,  
 And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.

Ah, poor humanity!—so frail, so fair  
 Are the fond visions of thy early day ;  
 Till tyrant Passions, and corrosive Care,  
 Bid all thy fairy colours fade away.

Another May new buds and flowers shall bring :  
 Ah!—why has happiness no second spring ?

## CXXVIII. HARVEST-HOME.

WHAT cheerful sounds salute our ears,  
 And echo o'er the lawn !  
 Behold ! the loaded car appears,  
 In joyful triumph drawn.  
 The nymphs and swains, a jovial band,  
 Still shouting as they come,  
 With rustic instruments in hand,  
 Proclaim the harvest-home.

The golden sheaves, pil'd up on high,  
 Within the barn are stor'd ;  
 The careful hind, with secret joy  
 Exulting, views his hoard.  
 His labour's past, he counts his gains ;  
 And, freed from anxious care,  
 His casks are broach'd ; the sun-burnt swains  
 His rural plenty share.

In dance and song the night is spent ;  
 All ply the flowing bowl ;  
 And jests and harmless merriment  
 Expand the artless soul.  
 Young Colin whispers Rosalind,  
 Who still reap'd by his side ;  
 And plights his troth, if she prove kind,  
 To take her for his bride.

For joys like these, through circling years,  
 Their toilsome task they tend :  
 The hind successive labours bears,  
 In prospect of the end ;  
 In Spring, or Winter, sows his seed,  
 Manures or tills the soil :  
 In Summer, various cares succeed ;  
 But harvest crowns his toil.

CXXIX. TO THE SOUTHERN GALES.

YE Southern Gales, that ever fly  
 In frolic April's vernal train,  
 Who, as ye skim along the sky,  
 Dip your light pinions in the main ;  
 Then shake them, fraught with genial show'rs,  
 O'er blooming Flora's primrose bow'rs :

Now cease awhile your wanton sport,  
Now drive each threat'ning cloud away ;  
Then to the flow'ry vale resort,  
And hither all its sweets convey ;  
And ever as ye dance along,  
With softest murmurs aid my song.

## CXXX. DAMON AND FLAVIA.

NEAR a smooth river's lonely side,  
Where tuneful Naiads gently glide,  
A secret grotto stands ;  
Within a rock's hard bosom made,  
Hid in the gloom of awful shade ;  
The work of Nature's hands.

This sweet retreat, that once had been  
Of joy and love the chosen scene,  
Poor injured Flavia sought :  
But—to complain of Damon's vow  
There made and broke—she chose it now  
With rage and sorrow fraught.

The hollow rock, where she reclin'd,  
She thought was like false Damon's mind ;  
His dark design—the shade :  
The deep smooth stream—his tempting face ;  
Its sound—his tongue's deluding grace,  
That won, and that betray'd.

Damon, one evening as he stray'd,  
To meet some other tender maid,  
O'erheard her mournful plaint ;  
Her sighs, and tears, and soft despair  
Infected all the neighbouring air,  
And forc'd him to relent.



And now she thinks, since Damon's kind,  
 The steady rock still like his mind ;  
     His love—the friendly shade ;  
 The clear smooth stream—his lovely face ;  
 Its soothing sound—the tongue's soft grace,  
     That all her woes repaid.

“ No more be fear'd, then, Fortune's powers !  
 “ 'Tis Fancy all our bliss devours,  
     “ Or gives content, we find.  
 “ Men may be happy, if they please ;  
 “ We are ourselves our own disease ;  
     “ The fault is in the mind.”

## CXXXI.

ADIEU, ye streams, that smoothly flow ;  
 Ye vernal airs, that softly blow ;  
 Ye plains, by blooming Spring array'd :  
 Ye birds, that warble through the shade !

Unhurt from you my soul could fly,  
 Nor drop one tear, nor heave one sigh ;  
 But, forc'd from Delia's charms to part,  
 All joy deserts my drooping heart.

O ! fairer than the dewy morn,  
 When flow'rs the verdant fields adorn ;  
 Unfullied as the genial ray  
 'That warms the balmy breeze of May ;

Thy charms divinely bright appear,  
 And add new splendour to the year ;  
 Improve the day with fresh delight,  
 And gild with joy the dreary night.

## CXXXII. ANNA.

Blow, blow, thou Summer's breeze,  
O gently fan the trees  
That form yon fragrant bow'r;  
Where Anna, loveliest maid!  
On Nature's carpet laid,  
Enjoys the ev'ning hour.

Hence, hence, ye objects foul,  
The beetle, bat, and owl,  
The hagworm, newt, and toad;  
But fairy elves, unseen,  
May gambol o'er the green,  
And circle her abode.

Shed, shed the sweetest beams,  
In party-colour'd streams,  
Thou fount of heat and light:  
No, no; withdraw thy ray;  
Her eyes diffuse a day  
As kind, as warm, as bright.

Breathe, breathe thy incense, May;  
Ye flow'rs, your homage pay  
To one more fair and sweet:  
Ye op'ning rose-buds, shed  
Your fragrance round her head;  
Ye lilies, kiss her feet.

Flow, flow, thou crystal rill  
With tinkling gurgles fill  
The mazes of the grove:  
And should thy murm'ring stream  
Invite my love to dream,  
O may the dream of lov

Sing, sing, ye feather'd choir,  
 And melt to fond desire  
 Her too obdurate breast :  
 Then, in that tender hour,  
 I'll steal into the bow'r,  
 And teach her to be blest.

## CXXXIII. HOPE.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,  
 Still, still on Hope relies :  
 And ev'ry pang that rends the heart  
 Bids Expectation rise.  
 Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,  
 Adorns and cheers the way ;  
 And still, as darker grows the night,  
 Emits a brighter ray.

## CXXXIV.

THE sleepless bird, from eve to morn,  
 Renews her plaintive strain ;  
 Presses her bosom to the thorn,  
 And courts th' insupporting pain.  
 But, ah ! how vain the fruit of song,  
 To wake the vocal air ;  
 With passion trembling on the tongue,  
 And in the heart despair !

## CXXXV. THE ENAMOURED FAIR.

AH ! why must words my flame reveal ?  
 Why needs my Damon bid me tell  
 What all my actions prove ?  
 A blush, whene'er I meet his eye,  
 Whene'er I hear his name, a sigh  
 Betrays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain,  
My eyes still fix'd on him remain,  
And him alone approve :  
The rest unheeded dance or play,  
From all he steals my praise away,  
And can he doubt my love ?

Whene'er we meet, my looks confess  
The joys that all my soul possess,  
And ev'ry care remove :  
Still, still, too short appears his stay ;  
The moments fly too fast away,  
Too fast for my fond love.

Does any speak in Damon's praise ?  
So pleas'd am I with all he says,  
I ev'ry word approve :  
But is he blam'd, altho' in jest ?  
I feel resentment fire my breast,  
Alas ! because I love.

But, ah ! what tortures tear my heart,  
When I suspect his looks impart  
The least desire to rove !  
I hate the maid that gives me pain ;  
Yet him to hate I strive in vain,  
For, ah ! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read mine eyes,  
Believe my blushes, trust my sighs,  
My passion these will prove :  
Words oft deceive, and spring from art ;  
The true expressions of my heart  
To Damon, must be love.

## CXXXVI. DELIA.

My Delia was all my delight ;  
 But she shuns me, and why do I sigh ?  
 She flies like a fawn from my sight ;  
 Yet I follow, I cannot tell why.

The beauties of Delia's mind,  
 Ah ! shepherds, you cannot compare ;  
 But the fairest of features combin'd---  
 And I lov'd her because she was fair.

They say that a wealthier swain,  
 That Palemon has charm'd her away---  
 Palemon's the pride of the plain,  
 Or I could not believe what they say.

Why did not the Graces attire,  
 The little Loves lend me their aid ?---  
 Or why was I doom'd to admire  
 So lovely, so graceful a maid ?

## CXXXVII.

O ! HOPE, thou soother sweet of human woes  
 How shall I lure thee to my haunts forlorn !  
 For me wilt thou renew the wither'd rose,  
 And clear my painful path of pointed thorn ?

Ah ! come, sweet nymph, in smiles and softness  
 drest,  
 Like the young Hours, that lead the tender  
 Year;  
 Enchantress, come, and charm my cares to rest ;  
 Alas ! the flatt'rer flies, and will not hear.



A prey to grief, anxiety, and pain,  
 Must I a sad existence still deplore :  
 Lo! the flow'rs fade, but all the thorns remain ;  
 For me the vernal garland blooms no more.

## CXXXVIII. TO ECHO.

SPORTIVE Genius of the Green,  
 Frequent heard, yet never seen,  
 Tripping o'er with printless speed,  
 Fairy-like, each flow'ry mead,  
 Ranging ev'ry hill along,  
 Stealing ev'ry ploughman's song ;  
 Whether waving in the wood,  
 Whether skimming o'er the flood,  
 Panting on the southern gale,  
 Or reposing in the vale,  
 Posting on a Zephyr's wing  
 Hither come ; and with thee bring  
 Gentle Hope, to solace one  
 By a cruel nymph undone :  
 Hear me, where beneath the shade,  
 Pensive mourner, I am laid,  
 Deaf to Music's native note,  
 Pour'd from many a warbler's throat ;  
 Blind to all which pleas'd before ;  
 Smiling landscapes charm no more.

Waft my sighs to yonder plains,  
 Where the haughty fair one reigns,  
 Who, with beauty's subtle art,  
 Chains, and triumphs o'er my heart ;  
 Let their murmur reach her ears ;  
 Tell her all my hopes, and fears ;  
 She alone lost peace can give :  
 Tell her, 'tis for her I live ;

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Tell her, to my passion true,  
 Tho' repuls'd, I still pursue;  
 That her graces I adore;  
 Tell her also—but no more---  
 Love admits of no delay;  
 Little Mimic, haste away.

## CXXXIX.

How sweet in the woodlands, with fleet, hound and  
 horn,  
 To waken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn!  
 But hard is the chace, my fond heart must pursue;  
 For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,  
 More wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd with disdain:

In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies;  
 Tho' Daphne's pursued, 'tis Myrtillo that dies.

## CXL. THE CONTENTED MAID.

LET me live remov'd from noise,  
 Remov'd from scenes of pride and strife,  
 And only taste those tranquil joys  
 Which Heav'n bestows on rural life!  
 Innocence shall guide my youth,  
 Whilst Nature's paths I still pursue;  
 Each step I take be mark'd with truth,  
 And virtue ever be my view.

Adieu, ye gay, adieu, ye great!  
 I see you all without a sigh;  
 Contented with my happier fate,  
 In silence let me live and die!

Sweet Peace I'll court to follow me,  
And woo the Graces to my cell ;  
For all the Graces love to be  
Where Innocence and Virtue dwell.

## CXLI. COLIN AND PHILLIS.

How wretched the maiden who loves  
A shepherd unworthy her care !  
From fair-one to fair-one who roves,  
And whose promise is lighter than air !  
Such the sorrows which poor Phillis knew,  
Who Colin too rashly believ'd ;  
His aim was to triumph o'er you,  
Ah ! Phillis unkindly deceiv'd !

Beneath the dark cypress she lay,  
And sigh'd her complaint to the wind,  
' That her Colin had wander'd away,  
And left her despairing behind.'

All cold, and stretch'd out in the shade,  
By the virgins pale Phillis was found ;  
And a scroll on her bosom was laid,  
Declaring, that Love gave the wound.

The shepherds still speak of her truth,  
As they point out her grave with a sigh ;  
And upbraid thy inconstancy, youth !  
Who could suffer such beauty to die.

## CXLII.

WHEN Damon languish'd at my feet,  
And I believ'd him true,  
The moments of delight how sweet !  
But, ah ! how swift they flew !

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The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale,  
The garden and the grove  
Have echo'd to his ardent tale,  
And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize;  
He left her to complain;  
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,  
And measure time by pain:

But Heav'n will take the mourner's part,  
In pity to despair;  
And the last sigh that rends the heart,  
Shall waft the spirit there.

## CXLIII.

HAPPY, harmless, rural pair,  
Void of jealousy or care;  
Emblems of the blest above,  
Sharing pure seraphic love!

By the brook, beneath the shade  
Of the lofty poplar laid,  
Cheerful strains awake the grove,  
Dulcet notes of peace and love.

Say, ye proud, ye rich, ye great,  
Circled round with noise and state,  
Real pleasures can ye prove?  
No! 'tis found in rural love.

## CXLIV. DAMON.

WHEN first the East begins to dawn,  
And Nature's beauties rise,  
The lark assumes her matins sweet,  
And seeks the yielding skies,

The rosy light that glads the Muse,  
Dear to her breast must be ;  
But not so dear, young Cupid knows,  
As Damon is to me.

In yonder tree two turtles bill,  
Whose sweet alternate notes,  
In pretty songs of love, prolong  
The music of their throats :  
Dear to the lover's flutt'ring breast  
The fair-one's notes must be ;  
But not so dear the thousandth part,  
As Damon is to me.

A mourning bird, in plaintive mood,  
Robb'd of her callow young,  
In yonder grove observ'd her nest,  
And still her woes she sung :  
No feather'd warbler of the wood  
More sorrowful could be :  
But I far greater woes must share,  
Were Damon far from me.

## CXLV. THE SMILES OF JAMIE.

YOUNG Cupid is with me wherever I go--  
He plagues me, and teazes, and vexes me so--  
To shun the young urchin I fly to the grove,  
But soon at my elbow I find little Love :  
I meet with young Strephon, the pride of the plain ;  
His smiles for a moment can banish all pain ;  
Then Cupid, to tease me, is sure to repeat--  
The smiles of your Jamie are ten times more sweet,



T'other day, when reclining in Strephon's gay bow'r,  
And charm'd with the fragrance of each blooming  
The vi'let, the lily, the sweetest that blows, [flow'r ;  
He had twin'd with young myrtle, the woodbine,  
and rose ;

I forgot the young tyrant, and own'd to the swain,  
That this fragrant spot was the pride of the plain ;  
But Cupid slept forward, and cried---'Tis a cheat ;  
The breath of your Jamie is ten times more sweet.

Quite angry, at last, I cried---' Let me alone ;  
I have sense, and have ears, and have eyes of my own ;  
Your blindness and folly will lead me astray,  
While Prudence to Strephon's gay bow'r leads the  
Provok'd by my answer, he presently flew, [way.'  
And brought my dear Jamie quite full in my view ;  
Instructed by Love, he knelt down at my feet,  
And the vows of my Jamie are true as they're sweet.

Now Strephon in vain may exert all his pow'r ;  
With Jamie, contented, I'll shun the gay bow'r ;  
In a cottage more humble, contented to dwell,  
With him I am happy, tho' humble my cell.  
To revenge me on Cupid for all my past pain,  
I'll bind the young rogue in a sweet rosy chain ;  
I'll cut off his wings, and tie lead to his feet,  
For with Love and my Jamie my joys are complete.

CXLVI. THE HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,  
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
And nought but the nightingale's song in the  
grove ;

'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,  
While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit  
began:

No more with himself, or with Nature at war,  
He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

Ah why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,  
Why, alone Philomela, that languishing fall?  
For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
And Sorrow no longer thy bosom intral.  
But if Pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,  
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to  
mourn;  
O sooth him, whose pleasures like thine pass away,  
Full quickly they pass---but they never return.

Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,  
The moon half-extinguish'd her crescent displays:  
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high  
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.  
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue  
The path that conducts thee to splendour again;  
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?  
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;  
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;  
For morn. is approaching your charms to restore;  
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with  
Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn; [dew.  
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save;  
But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn?  
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

## CXLVII. SPRING.

THE Spring with smiling face is seen,  
To usher in the May ;  
The fields all mantled o'er with green,  
All deck'd in flowrets gay :  
The feather'd songsters of the grove  
All join in harmony and love.

The soaring lark, that cleaves the skies,  
Low builds her humble nest :  
The rambling boy that finds the prize,  
Is sure supremely blest ;  
And, when the parent bird is flown,  
He hastes and marks it for his own.

## CXLVIII.

IN A SHADY VALLEY, NEAR A RUNNING  
WATER.

O! LET me haunt this peaceful shade ;  
Nor let ambition e'er invade  
The tenants of this leafy bow'r,  
That shun her paths, and slight her pow'r.

Hither the plaintive halcyon flies,  
From social meads and open skies ;  
Pleas'd, by this rill, her course to steer,  
And hide her sapphire plumage here.

The trout, bedropt with crimson stains,  
Forfakes the river's proud domains ;  
Forfakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,  
To lurk within this humble stream.

And sure I heard the Naiad say,  
'Flow, flow, my stream ! this devious way ;  
Though lovely soft thy murmurs are,  
Thy waters, lovely cool and fair.

' Flow, gentle stream ! nor let the vain  
Thy small unfully'd stores disdain :  
Nor let the penfive sage repine,  
Whose latent course resembles thine.'

## CXLIX. MIDSUMMER.

O PHOEBUS ! down the western sky,  
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray ;  
Thy light to distant worlds supply,  
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle eve, the friend of ease,  
Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night !  
Refresh me with a cooling breeze,  
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground  
Her living carpet Nature spreads :  
Where the green bow'r, with roses crown'd,  
In show'rs its fragrant foliage sheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine ;  
Let music die along the grove ;  
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,  
And ev'ry strain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart !  
Come, born to fill its vast desires !  
Thy looks perpetual joys impart :  
Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

Whilst, all my wish, and thine complete,  
 By turns we languish and we burn,  
 Let sighing gales our sighs repeat ;  
 Our murmurs---murmuring brooks return.  
 Let me, when Nature calls to rest,  
 And blushing skies the morn foretell,  
 Sink on the down of Stella's breast,  
 And bid the waking world farewell.

## CL. THE CAPTIVE.

AT dawn of day, a farmer pass'd  
 Where deadly snares were set :  
 A lark with piercing cries and throbs,  
 Was struggling in the net.  
 The flutt'ring pris'ner begg'd his life ;  
 ' Oh! pity me,' he said!  
 ' 'Twould kill my harmless babes and wife,  
 To hear that I was dead.  
 ' I hurt no creature ; for the whole  
 Of birds will vouch for me ;  
 Nor have thy rich possessions stol'n :  
 Let innocence be free.  
 ' One grain, indeed, this fatal morn,  
 I took---'Twas all I did.  
 To die for one poor grain of corn,  
 Alas! kind Heav'n, forbid !'  
 A red-breast, from a neighb'ring tree,  
 Beheld his captive state ;  
 ' Ah! cease thy piteous plaint,' said he,  
 ' Nor hope to shun your fate.



‘ Poor bird ! be sure thy death’s decreed ;  
No eloquence will do ;  
For, ah ! the wretch, to whom you plead,  
Is judge and jury too.’

His consort, then in search of food,  
Her hapless birds to rear,  
Was picking, by the fatal spot,  
Where lay her tangled dear.

With mournful and incessant screams  
She did for pity call ;  
‘ Oh ! save him, save him !’ was her cry  
Or take my life and all.

‘ For, when he’s gone, who shall assist  
To raise our callow young ?’---  
To hear their simple sorrowing strain,  
The farmer’s heart was wrung.

Reflecting on their tender grief,  
And touch’d by mercy’s plea,  
With ready hands he loos’d the string,  
And set his pris’ner free.

The tuneful warbler, with his mate,  
Enraptur’d, took the wing ;  
And, while suspended in the air,  
A song of thanks did sing.

The red-breast, seeing pity shewn,  
Rejoicing, took his flight ;  
Nor did the farmer’s feeling heart  
Experience less delight.

## CLI.

AWAY to the field, see the morning looks gay,  
And, sweetly bedappled, forebodes a fine day;  
The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,  
And carol aloud to be led to the chace.

Then, hark, in the morn,  
To the call of the horn,  
And join with the jovial crew;  
While the season invites,  
With all its delights,  
The health-giving chace to pursue.

How charming the sight, when Aurora first dawns,  
To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns!  
To welcome the Sun, now returning from rest,  
Their matins they chaunt as they merrily quest.

Then, hark, &c.

But, oh! how each bosom with transport it fills,  
To start just as Phœbus peeps over the hills;  
While joyous from valley to valley resounds  
The shout of the hunters, and cry of the hounds!

Then, hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,  
Fly hedges or ditches, or top the barr'd gate:  
Borne by their bold courfers, no danger they fear,  
And give to the winds all vexation and care.

Then, hark, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace quit the joys of the town,  
And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping on down:  
Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth;  
Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.

Then, hark, &c.

## CLII. RECITATIVE.

THE whistling ploughman hails the blushing dawn,  
The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note ;  
Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves,  
And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

## AIR.

Away, to the copse lead away ;  
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds :  
I'll warrant he shews us some play :  
See, yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.  
Then spur your brisk coursers, and smoke 'em, my  
'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn : [bloods!  
What concert is equal to those of the woods,  
Betwext echo, the hounds, and the horn ?

Each, earth see he tries at in vain,  
In cover no safety can find ;  
So he breaks it, and scours amain,  
And leaves us at distance behind.  
O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,  
All hazard and danger we scorn :  
Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die :  
Cheer up, my good dog, with the horn !

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale ;  
All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue :  
His speed can no longer avail,  
Nor his cunning his life can prolong.  
From our staunch and fleet-pack 'twas in vain that he  
See his brush falls bemir'd, forlorn : [fled ;  
The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,  
And shout to the sound of the horn.

## CLIII.

COME, rouse from your trances,  
The fly morn advances,  
To catch sluggish mortals in bed !  
Let the horn's jocund note  
In the wind sweetly float,  
While the fox from the brake lifts his head !  
Now creeping,  
Now peeping,  
The fox from the brake lifts his head :  
Each away to his steed,  
Your goddefs shall lead,  
Come follow, my worshippers, follow ;  
For the chace all prepare ;  
See the hounds snuff the air ;  
Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet halloo !

Hark Jowler, hark Rover,  
See Reynard breaks cover,  
The hunters fly over the ground ;  
Now they skim o'er the plain,  
Now they dart down the lane,  
And the hills, woods, and vallies resound ;  
With dashing,  
And splashing,  
The hills, woods, and vallies resound :  
Then away with full speed,  
Your goddefs shall lead,  
Come follow, my worshippers, follow ;  
O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,  
If you stop you're too late ;  
Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet halloo !

## NEW VAUXHALL SONGS.

## CLIV.

The LASS of RICAMOND HILL.

## I.

ON RICHMOND HILL there lives a lass  
More bright than May-day morn,  
Whose charms all other maids surpass;  
A rose without a thorn.  
This maid so neat,  
With smiles so sweet,  
Has won my right good will;  
I'd crowns resign,  
To call her mine,  
Sweet lass of RICHMOND HILL!

## II.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,  
And wanton thro' the grove;  
Oh! whisper to my charming fair,  
I die for her, and love.  
This lass so neat, &c.

## III.

How happy will this shepherd be,  
Who calls this nymph his own;  
Oh! may the choice be fix'd on me,  
Mine's fix'd on her alone.  
This lass so neat, &c.

## CLV.

RETURNING from the fair one eve,  
Across yon verdant plain;

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Young HARRY said, he'd see me home,  
 A tight and comely swain;  
 He begg'd I would a fairing take,  
 And would not be refus'd;  
 Then ask'd a kiss—I blush'd and cried,  
 I'd rather be excus'd.

You're coy, said he, my pretty maid,  
 I mean no harm, I swear;  
 Long time I have in secret sigh'd  
 For you, my charming fair;  
 But if my tenderness offends,  
 And if my Love's refus'd,  
 I'll leave you—what, alone? cried I,  
 I'd rather be excus'd.

He press'd my hand, and on we walk'd,  
 He warmly urg'd his suit;  
 But still to all he said, I was  
 Most obstinately mute;  
 At length got home, he angry, cried,  
 My fondness is abus'd;  
 Then die a maid—Indeed, says I,  
 I'd rather be excus'd.

## CLVI.

## The VILLAGE MAIDEN.

WHEN first I saw the Village Maiden,  
 Like Cymon motionless I stood;  
 'Twas Iphigenia's self appearing,  
 Lovely, beautiful, and good.  
 Her cheeks outblush'd the rip'ning rose,  
 Her smiles would banish mortals' woes,  
 So sweet the Village Maiden.

Clarissa's eyes all eyes attracting,  
Her breath Arabian spices feign;  
For her, like gold, would Av'rice wander,  
Adventure life, the prize to gain.  
I told my love with many fears,  
Which she return'd with speaking tears,  
So sweet the Village Maiden.

She sigh'd—because she had not riches,  
To make her lady-like and gay;  
Though Virtue was her only fortune,  
I dar'd to name the nuptial day.  
The care of wealth let knaves endure,  
I shall be rich enough I'm sure,  
To wed the Village Maiden.

## CLVII.

## I NEVER CAN BELIEVE IT.

THAT Willy's won my tender heart,  
I never will deny,  
Alike he feels Love's pleasing smart,  
And heaves the tender sigh;  
The envious lasses jeering say,  
That heart he will deceive it,  
He only courts me to betray;  
I never can believe it.

The other day he brought a pair  
Of tender cooing doves;  
And smiling said, my charming fair,  
Like these shall be our loves.  
What e'er he brings wi' joy I take,  
And kifs when I receive it,  
His Nancy he cannot forsake;  
I never will believe it.

Sweet smiles the happy morn of May  
 In all its vernal pride;  
 'The village then shall all be gay  
 When I am Willy's bride.  
 His heart is mine, my heart his too,  
 With pleasure will I give it;  
 Shou'd others say he is untrue,  
 I never will believe it.

## CLVIII.

## INDEED 'TIS MUCH TOO SOON.

At gay sixteen my lovers came,  
 With flatt'ring tongues and hearts in flame,  
 As thick as flowers in June;  
 But of a little beauty vain,  
 I laugh'd and told each dying swain,  
 Indeed, 'twas much too soon.

Year after year in scorn went by,  
 Rejecting ev'ry am'rous sigh,  
 I kept the same old tune;  
 Go shepherds, with disdain I cry'd,  
 'Tis time enough to be a bride,  
 Indeed, 'tis much too soon.

At twenty-five, full time to wed,  
 My lovers nearly all were fled,  
 I alter'd then my tune;  
 Shepherd said I, I've chang'd my mind,  
 I've thought the matter oe'r, and find  
 I cannot wed too soon.

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